THE LIVING AGE

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This Week

The São Paulo Revolution is exposed from almost every standpoint. One man describes some of the more gruesome scenes — ragged Brazilians with silk hats on their heads, parrots on their shoulders, cats under their arms, and the fear of God in their hearts. Another contributor discusses the causes of the revolt. There seems to have been a good deal of dissatisfaction with corrupt officials and lax Constitutional enforcement at a time when Brazil was just beginning to cut a figure in the happy family of nations to which we all belong.

* * *

Members of the Dail Eireann have a way of beginning a speech in Gaelic and winding up in English that did not recommend itself to the Indian ears of St. Nihal Singh. Another unusual feature is that supporters of the Right sit on the left.

* * *

Every time the Shenandoah's little playmate — known in Germany as the LZ-126 — takes the air, the whole countryside turns out to see the fun. To the accompaniment of brass bands and the cheers of the throng, two anonymous journalists went out for a spin in the only form of war loot which an all-wise Treaty has left us.

* * *

The seven-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Franciscans in England has just been celebrated in the British press and pulpit. That worthy band was dispatched at the request of Saint Francis, who was not strong enough to accompany them, but who urged that they live in this world as 'strangers and pilgrims.'

* * *

Now that we know that the Lost Books of Livy are lost, it might seem to the unthinking multitude that an article on the subject is a trifle belated. All we can say is, read it.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *OCTOBER 18, 1924* — NO. 4189

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

OUR RESTLESS HEMISPHERE

THE abortive attempt to overthrow the Brazilian Government at São Paulo last July, and the recent seizure of power in Chile by a military directory not unlike that in Spain, afford disquieting evidence of a certain instability even in the most advanced and progressive of the Republics south of us. Evidences of political malaise in the so-called ABC Powers have decidedly multiplied since the Pan-American Congress in Santiago in 1922. South America's unsettlement is partly traceable to Europe's post-bellum difficulties, for it has been aggravated by the general depression that has followed the war and that has upset public finances as well as private business.

A few additional facts supplementing the three accounts of the trouble in Brazil that we publish elsewhere in this issue will assist the reader to understand the situation as far as it relates to that country. Dr. Bernardes, who was elected President in 1922, owes his political rise to the reputation he made as an honest and efficient administrator while President of the important State of Minas Geraes. He was also reckoned an opponent of a military party that had grown up in Brazil of recent years, and that was suspected of aggressive designs against her southern neighbors. That party was responsible for the military mutiny in Rio de Janeiro immediately after Dr. Bernardes's election and was the prime mover in the São Paulo revolt. The leader of that revolt was a general who had been retired from the army with full rank and pay, on account of private offenses that, if we are to believe well-informed European correspondents in Brazil, would have caused an officer of a Western European army to be summarily cashiered.

But there were other motives behind the revolt. São Paulo lies in the northern margin of that part of South America, extending southward as far as Patagonia and west to the Andes, where European immigrants, principally from Italy, Germany, and the Iberian peninsula, threaten to submerge the native Creole stock. The State is the most important in Brazil, where the States Rights doctrine is very strong, and the city of São Paulo is a rival of Rio de Janeiro.

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Sectional jealousies, racial antagonism, and the disaffection of old-school politicians with the reformist régime, therefore, played a part in the movement. The defeated leaders of a strictly local revolution last year in the southern State of Rio Grande do Sul, although they had been favored by President Bernardes in their contest at home, were prominent promoters of the São Paulo disturbance. Some large industrialists and landowners, who resented the heavy taxes levied by the present Government in its effort to balance the budget, contributed to the war chest of the insurgents. Agitators excited the people against the administration by making charges against the English Financial Mission which President Bernardes had invited to the country. This Mission recommended among other things that the Government lease the Federal railways and steamship lines, which are being operated inefficiently and at a heavy loss. The revolutionists seized upon this to argue that England wanted to make Brazil a second Egypt.

At the time of their maximum power the insurgents are said to have had 15,000 soldiers at their disposal. These included, as is related elsewhere in this issue, many immigrants, especially Germans and Austrians, whose sympathies were possibly won over by the revolutionary leaders from the strongly German State of Rio Grande do Sul. At the same time, however, the French Military Mission, which was training the São Paulo State troops, is also rumored to have sided with the insurgents. Probably little importance is to be attached to the association of Vienna Communists with the movement. The Government troops lost about fifty dead and two hundred wounded; while the dead and wounded in São Paulo, including civilians, numbered about one thousand.

How critical the situation remains may be inferred from the fact that it was considered advisable for the Crown Prince of Italy to defer his proposed visit to Rio de Janeiro last month, in connection with his tour to South America, for fear of unpleasant incidents. The Argentine newspapers report that dynamite outrages have recently occurred in the Brazilian capital, among them an attempt to bomb the Argentine legation.

The overturn of the regularly elected government in Chile seems to have had a favorable press in England. Certain leaders in that movement have influential social ties in London, and they are presumably coöperating with interests friendly with financial circles abroad. There is no definite evidence, however, that the disfavor into which the regularly elected government had fallen with powerful circles at home was encouraged from without the country. The crisis appears to have been entirely domestic, and the coup d'étatists are said to have designed originally merely to turn out an inefficient ministry and to end a legislative impasse. It was not until the movement got under full headway and was assured of success that it was decided to exile the President and to suspend the Constitution. Dispatches in the Buenos Aires papers, however, indicate the predominance of the military in the present situation. They report important gatherings of army and navy officers from which civilians are apparently excluded and the proceedings of which are not reported in the press.

One version of the programme — for no less than three or four appear in the press — that the military junta presented to the President of the Republic on September 5 is as follows: —

(1) Revision of the Constitution and the immediate revocation of the salary grab; (2) increased pay for private soldiers and

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noncommissioned officers; (3) immediate settlement of the back pay and allowances due the rank and file of the army and — if funds are available — the noncommissioned officers; (4) enactment of a law for a labor code; (5) enactment of other laws of a social character; (6) enactment of the bill to improve the status of private employees; (7) enforcement of the law pensioning veterans of the Pacific War (against Peru and Bolivia); (8) the army pledged its support to any measure that would terminate the systematic obstruction that was paralyzing legislation and the administration, and making every government act the subject of a political trade; (9) immediate resignation of the Ministers of Justice, of Finance, and of War; (10) enactment of the proposed amendments to the income tax; (11) payment of back salaries of schoolteachers and other government servants; (12) increased pay for the gendarmes, the police, the navy, and the army; (13) a public adhesion to the following principle: that members of the army and navy shall hereafter be absolutely and permanently excluded from activity in the elections or in any other purely political proceedings.

La Nación, a leading Santiago journal, characterized the overturn as the end of an era in Chile.

In our opinion, this is not a party crisis, but the collapse of a system so undermined by its own errors that it was ready to fall at the slightest shock. . . . It is merely what was inevitably destined to occur sooner or later as a result of the deep disappointment and disgust that the better classes of the country feel at the lack of efficiency, of vigor, of industry, of civic spirit, of an understanding and respect for the most ardent aspirations of the nation, that has characterized our political life for a long period. . . . Circumstances have made the military element the instrument of the popular will that was struggling impotently to express itself.

El Diario Ilustrado described the causes of the Government's overthrow in the following words: —

The President of the Republic and the Cabinet of the Liberal Alliance, which did not even represent a majority in Congress, had deprived the country of the free ballot that it had won with bloody sacrifices a generation ago, and that had been respected by every subsequent ministry. They had employed the army to overthrow the laws and to prevent a free expression of the popular will. Some officers had lent themselves to this unworthy course, but a great majority of the army felt outraged at the action of the Government.

The *South Pacific Mail* of Valparaiso describes more precisely, in an editorial written just before President Alessandri withdrew from the country, the immediate causes of the overturn: —

For long past the condition of the national finances has been extremely unsatisfactory and the return of a certain measure of commercial prosperity has been powerless to stay the continual fall in the exchange value of the currency. Many reasons have been advanced to explain this state of affairs, but the prevailing lack of confidence in the Government has, in all probability, been the chief factor in determining it. Be that as it may, the depreciation of the value of the money, with the consequent excessive increase in the general cost of living, has weighed cruelly on all wage-earners, and especially on the middle classes. Add to this the fact that the military and naval services and some branches of the civil and educational services have been suffering acutely from the delay in the payment of salaries, their members being obliged in consequence to resort to loans contracted at high rates of interest, and it will be seen that many elements of effective protest have been accumulating.

Congress, by one of those almost incredible acts of collective blindness which sometimes visit bodies of men presumably selected from their fellows on account of distinctive ability, chose this moment to approve the *Dieta Parliamentaria*, a law in which its members vote themselves very respectable salaries, free lunches, and free railway travel! It is not surprising that the latent discontent found expression, a large body of officers in uniform exercising their undoubted right to attend, as spectators,

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the session in which the proposed law came up for discussion. Under the mistaken idea that some regulation existed prohibiting officers in uniform from attending the Congress, these gentlemen were asked to withdraw, and the 'sabre-rattling' that unavoidably attended their leaving the premises in a body was interpreted as a failure of respect toward the august assembly. Expressions were made use of in Congress that led up to challenges and otherwise precipitated the catastrophe.

La Prensa of Buenos Aires attributes Chile's political difficulties primarily to her financial troubles, and comments guardedly upon them as follows: —

Our Democracies, whose institutions are not supported by a broad foundation of ancient and established tradition, cannot afford to submit for any length of time to a government of force. If there is any place where such institutions ought to be surrounded with greater respect, greater prestige, and stronger guaranties, it is precisely in our Republics, which are experimenting with forms of government that are not the fruits of their own inheritance. For this reason any movement that tends to discredit constitutional procedure among us becomes the seed of anarchy and disintegration.

✻

AIRSHIPS IN PEACE AND WAR

THE trial flights of the ZR-3 inspired several interesting reviews of air-ship progress in the German press.

Admiral Scheer, who commanded the German fleet in the battle of Jutland, described in *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* differences between the navigation of air and of sea vessels. For instance, on sea a vessel's position is usually determined once in twenty-four hours by observing the sun. Observations of the stars for this purpose are unsatisfactory because the horizon line is too uncertain at night. If the sun is invisible for several days, and a vessel is compelled to sail by dead reckoning, it runs some risk of going ashore or striking reefs. None the less, it is generally practicable to use dead reckoning because the vessel's course and speed are known with reasonable accuracy.

But in case of airships wind-drift makes dead reckoning unreliable. The greater speed of such vessels also renders it necessary to determine their position at shorter intervals. Although they are not likely to encounter cliffs and reefs if they wander from their course, the comparatively limited quantity of fuel and ballast they carry makes a considerable deviation from their route perilous. Therefore 'an airship must have perfectly reliable means of determining its position at frequent intervals, if possible every fifteen minutes.' Devices have been perfected to accomplish this at night, by taking simultaneous observations of two stars with an artificial horizon, and it is probable that eventually a series of radio stations along all great air-highways will completely satisfy this need.

A naval constructor named Engberding — 'one of the most distinguished experts in airship contruction,' to quote his editorial introduction in *Frankfurter Zeitung* — deplores the fact that the delivery of the ZR-3 practically marks the end of airship construction in Germany. 'It does no good to shut our eyes to that brutal fact, or to pass it over in silence.' The extinction of this highly developed industry is due to the provision of the Versailles Treaty prohibiting the construction in Germany of rigid air-vessels of more than 30,000 cubic metres gas-capacity, because commercial airships must be designed for very long voyages, and therefore cannot be of less than 100,000 cubic metres capacity.

The purpose of the Treaty was to prevent Germany from building air ships that could be used in war. But this danger is imaginary. Experience

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proves that airships are of little value in land operations, and they are important in naval warfare only to a country that has a powerful high-seas fleet.

At the outbreak of the World War the German rigid airship was generally considered a remarkable military weapon. Miracles were expected of it. We believed it would enable us to reconnoitre great reaches of hostile territory and to destroy the morale of enemy populations by dropping bombs behind their front.

The first disillusionment was the discovery that the airship needed far more improvement than had been anticipated before it could serve these purposes. These improvements were made, the size of the vessels was increased, their motors were perfected, and they reached approximately the status of the present ZR-3.

What value did they prove in actual use? Let us first observe that as early as 1917 they demonstrated themselves unsuitable for land operations. So far as human prediction goes, their day has passed in this field of service. Why? Because methods of land defense against aerial attack, and particularly the marvelous development of airplanes against which our gigantic airships are comparatively defenseless, practically forbid their use.

In order to avoid its enemies, an airship must maintain an altitude of about 6000 metres, or over 18,000 feet — a height at which it is useless for either reconnoitring or bombing.

Turning to naval operations, however, we find the situation reversed.

A future naval war between Great Powers, and fought upon the open seas, is inconceivable without airships as reconnoitring agents. A fleet provided with efficient airships would have an overwhelming superiority over an opponent without them. It is, however, a weapon that only great sea Powers can employ. It is of little service to a nation without a powerful fleet.

All this leads up to the interesting but not entirely disinterested conclusion that it is to the advantage of Great Britain to secure a relaxation of the restrictions on the Versailles Treaty that threaten to destroy the airship industry in Germany. For unless they are removed this industry will migrate from Germany to the United States — not a difficult proceeding in view of its limited, though highly technical, character. And it is better from England's standpoint to have the industry remain in a land without a powerful navy than to see it transferred to a potential rival like America.

✠

SCIENCE IN RUSSIA

Doctor Eric Obst, a professor at the Institute of Technology at Hanover, — who has recently made an extensive tour through northern Russia, presumably upon an economic and engineering mission, — says: 'Leningrad is the graveyard of St. Petersburg,' and sees little hope for the immediate economic recovery of that city. Yet he finds a significant ray of light in the situation: —

In one respect alone Leningrad gave me a happy surprise. Science lives — not only survives, but has in many respects acquired a new prestige and importance through the Revolution. Bear in mind, the city both retains the numerous important and in some cases world-renowned research departments of the Russian Academy of Sciences, and has in addition sixteen different higher institutions, such as the National Geological Institute and the National Hydrographic Institute. The scientific bodies whose directors have not taken an active part against the Bolsheviki have in several instances been assigned vacant palaces and have been very comfortably financed, so far as the means of the Government permitted. Others, like the University, which was regarded as a hotbed of reaction, have been shown the cold shoulder by the

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authorities, and are dragging out a miserable existence. But since most Russian scientists have kept aloof from political controversies, although they are almost without exception members of the former upper class and there is scarcely a Communist among them, they and their enterprises are doing fairly well. To be sure, their salaries are very low, but they are permitted to hold several appointments simultaneously and ordinarily earn $50 or $100 a month additional in this way.

Professor Obst enumerates the following scientific expeditions that are in the field this year under the auspices of the Russian Academy of Sciences alone: a geological and palæontological expedition to Turgai in Turkestan; an expedition to investigate the potash deposits in the Government of Perm; the Greenland expedition of the mineralogist Fersmann; a botanical-geographical expedition to the Urals; a geological expedition to the Governments of Vologda and North Dvina; a geomorphological expedition to Nova Zembla under the famous Arctic explorer, Professor Wittenburg.

No less than twenty expeditions of a similar character, including one under the auspices of the Asiatic Museum to Persia and another to study the languages of the Caucasus, have been authorized for the years 1924–5. The last-mentioned expedition, which is to have a staff of thirty-five scholars, plans to devote five years to its labors.

*

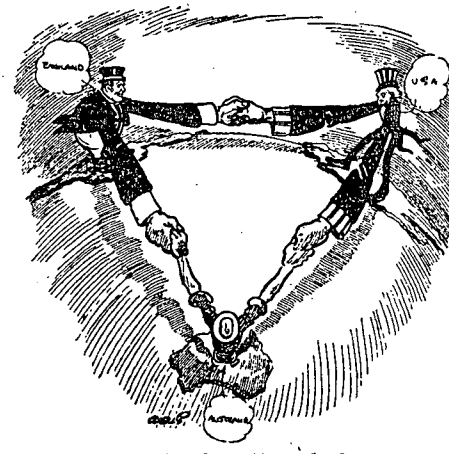
MINOR NOTES

GREAT BRITAIN has awakened to the fact that artificial silk may revolutionize her textile industry. The *Textile Reporter* says: 'Artificial silk possesses certain remarkable qualities which may change the whole attitude of the public on clothes hygiene; it is possible that in a scientific blending of artificial silk and cotton we may discover at last the actual ideal in fabrics — fabrics both pleasing to the eye, the touch, and inherently healthy to wear.'

PAPA HERRIOT

Peace.— *L'Ère Nouvelle*

AUSTRALIA'S HANDS ACROSS THE SEA



The Eternal Triangle — if we had our way.
— *Melbourne Herald*

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SÃO PAULO IN REVOLUTION

AN EXPOSÉ FROM SEVERAL STANDPOINTS

[We print below three accounts of the attempted revolution in Brazil last July. The first is by an anonymous São Paulo correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and appeared in that journal on September 14; the second is from a private letter written by a Hungarian journalist in São Paulo to friends at home, which was published in *Pester Lloyd* on August 29; the third is by Dr. Walter S. Schück, the Rio de Janeiro correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt*, and appeared in the September 3 issue of that paper.]

I

To-night, after four days' interruption, we again have electric light. Every forenoon at about eleven o'clock the Federals drop a dozen shells into the city — just when we are eating our morning meal.

This is the twenty-first day of continuous, obstinate fighting between armies of the same nationality, both of which are steadily receiving reënforcements. Last Sunday, the twentieth of July, a friend and I made an excursion to the highest mountain in the State of São Paulo, between ten and twelve miles from the city. It was a marvelous, cloudless, winter day, and not too hot for active exercise. From our lofty outlook we could see the entire city of São Paulo, with puffs of shrapnel everywhere breaking over it.

You doubtless are curious to know how a city of nearly 700,000 inhabitants — none of whom, except some 5000 immigrant veterans of the World War, had ever heard a machine-gun, seen a shell burst, watched a procession of automobiles filled with bleeding dead and wounded — behaves under such circumstances. I am not exaggerating when I say that perhaps three fourths of these people suffer as much mental anguish as if they were constantly witnessing death in all its horrible forms on the battlefield. Indeed many of them have actually seen peaceful fellow-citizens mangled and mutilated before their very eyes by exploding shells. These shells never come singly, but in series of ten or twelve at intervals a few seconds apart, and all strike within a narrow radius. I know from my own experience the effect this has on a man's nerves — how he runs blindly hither and thither, uncertain where to find shelter, and eventually takes refuge in some ridiculously inadequate place.

I am not in a position to describe what has been going on in the suburbs, where the working people live, and where there has been hand-to-hand fighting. All I know is that some 200,000 people have left their homes and all they own to escape the danger. It was a tragic exodus. But tragedy and comedy are never far apart. Is it not comedy to see a ragged Brazilian, with a silk hat on his head, a parrot on his shoulder, a cat under his right arm, and a dog under his left arm, stalking along amid shrieking women carrying a burden of nearly a hundredweight on their heads and children at their bosoms? These refugees are all that give life to the streets, except the ambulances and the automobiles making requisitions. Provision shops are compelled to open a few hours daily.

A tremendous tragedy like this does not spring from trivial causes. There

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has been much rottenness in the administration of which the ordinary citizen knew nothing. Our twenty-one days of revolution have enlightened the people regarding many things they did not know before. After Emperor Don Pedro abdicated in 1889, in order to spare his people bloodshed, a few able and eminent Republicans gave the country an excellent constitution, modeled upon that of the United States. It provided for a directly elected Congress and legislatures, an indirectly elected President, the separation of Church and State, compulsory school-attendance, just taxation, and much else that was highly laudable and beneficial. But after the first honest administration corrupt politicians secured control of affairs, and an era of bad government began. A little clique of educated men exploited the ignorant masses ad libitum. The poor were kept in poverty by excessive indirect taxation, the clergy were covertly subsidized in return for their political influence, and huge sums were dishonestly squandered on costly public buildings and extravagant monuments to nonentities. To illustrate how far corruption extended, every business house in São Paulo was visited and assessed annually by a fiscal official. It was known beforehand that this assessment would be radically unfair, and in most instances much too high. Appeals for adjustment were almost invariably fruitless. So it became the universal practice to bribe the official. If he was not satisfied with his bribe, the owner of the property received a gentle hint to that effect by a second visit from another official. The result was that men paid relatively modest salaries, and having no other legitimate source of income, frequently retired from office millionaires.

This corrupt régime was kept in power by skillfully manipulating elections and by keeping the important offices in the hands of a small group of families. Finally the old General Isidoro Dias Lopes decided to take radical action to reform things. He had been harassed by Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, the preceding President, who had just been appointed a judge of the International Tribunal at The Hague, and by Dr. Arthur Bernardes, the latter's successor, until he resigned his commission. For two years he has been quietly preparing for the present revolt.

He secretly secured the adhesion of the miserably paid State police, and with their support surprised the permanent Federal garrison in the city and gained control of the town. Edict after edict followed in quick succession, reforming the local government and turning out the rascally officeholders. The people of São Paulo acclaim him almost to a man, for wherever his hand reaches there is bread and shelter for the poor and plundering ceases.

At present writing the military outcome is still uncertain. Every day, and especially every night, there is obstinate fighting in some part of the city, where the besiegers are attempting to break through our lines. But although they are steadily receiving reënforcements from all parts of this huge country, they have not yet been able to do so. For the revolutionists likewise are constantly strengthening their ranks with the volunteers who flock to their colors. Among the latter are some two thousand Germans and Austrians, and one thousand foreign veterans from other lands. The enthusiasm with which strangers have taken up the cause of the revolution is the subject of lively comment.

II

EARLY last spring evidences of mysterious political activity were observable

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in Brazil, particularly in the State of São Paulo. Its capital became, within a short time, a rendezvous for political desperadoes recruited from every foreign nationality, but mainly Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Germans. To the sorrow of all loyal Hungarians, of whom there is a colony of 40,000 in the Republic, some seventy of our countrymen were deluded into joining the conspiracy by the lying promises of its unscrupulous leaders.

We had ample opportunity to study these adventurers, who idled around the city, made themselves conspicuous in streets and public places, held secret meetings, and lived on the fat of the land without doing a stroke of honest work. The São Paulo police soon got wind of their criminal intriguing and secured evidence that the leaders were certain individuals from Argentina and Bolivia, and from other states of Brazil, who were conspiring for reasons not fully understood to turn the State authorities forcibly out of office and seize the local government. These outsiders had the backing of a small group of local malcontents, who sought an opportunity to better their private fortunes by upsetting the government, even at the cost of bloodshed.

This parlous situation continued until the fifth of July, the day selected for the outbreak. Meanwhile the police kept a close eye on the suspected troublemakers, and imagined they were in a position to nip any disorder in the bud.

Even during the forenoon of July 5 nothing occurred to give warning of what was coming. People were going about their business as usual when suddenly, just at the hottest hour of the day, groups of insurgents, under native leaders, seized at a prearranged signal the principal streets and strategic points of the city. Barricades were hastily erected, trenches were dug, and lively fighting began with the hurriedly assembled Government troops. In a few minutes the normal life of the city ceased. Business houses were quickly closed; places of public resort were emptied of their customers. Everyone hastened to seek safety in his home. For several hours, until nightfall, the streets reëchoed the sound of rifle volleys and the rattle of machine-guns, which soon extended to every part of the city. Naturally no one ventured on the streets. People cowered at home and lived on such provisions as they happened to have.

Finally, on Monday, July 7, the Government forces retired before the greater strength of their opponents, withdrawing from the city proper and concentrating at points in its immediate vicinity to await reënforcements. They were compelled to adopt this manœuvre because the São Paulo authorities expected the outbreak at a later date and permitted themselves to be taken by surprise. Plans had been made some time previously to bring troops promptly from other parts of the Republic, but their arrival was delayed by the long distances they had to traverse and by the quickness with which the revolutionists acted. It was now discovered that the latter had been making secret preparations for their coup d'état for a whole year. They had collected stocks of arms and munitions at several points. These were smuggled into the city by the wagonload and, though the police had captured a few consignments, those that escaped detection were ample to arm a considerable force. Consequently the revolt mustered its full strength at the very outset. It was well organized and the Government had nothing to gain by continuing a battle in the streets.

As soon as the insurgents were in control of the city, they prohibited the publication of newspapers and suppressed every free expression of opin-

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ion. But they did not win the support of the rank and file of the population, which waited philosophically but expectantly for a turn in affairs.

In fact, the triumph of the revolutionists was short-lived. Government reënforcements began to pour in, and the city was soon completely surrounded, so that no one could either leave or enter. The spirits of the citizens were revived by the proclamations that agents of the Government managed to post up at different points during the night. They kept the public informed of the true situation and promised early relief.

For twenty-two days, however, the people of São Paulo lived in a state of constant tension and terror. It was not until July 25 that a decided turn for the better occurred. For several days before that the insurgents went about with long faces and gloomy looks. Provisions were running short and the city was so closely beleaguered by the Government forces that there was no prospect of receiving new supplies. More than three hundred wounded men lay in the hospitals. So a situation speedily developed that robbed the insurgents of all hope of success.

At last, on July 28, the hour of liberation struck. All the church bells in the city began to ring, proclaiming joyfully the suppression of the revolt. Column after column of well-disciplined Government troops marched into the city from every direction. They were received with wild enthusiasm by the people, who crowded the sidewalks in dense masses. After several days' negotiations the rank and file of the insurgents were permitted to leave the city without their arms, after surrendering their unscrupulous leaders to the authorities. Six special trains were provided by the Government to carry the disarmed men back to their homes.

Since August 2, São Paulo has resumed its normal peaceful and busy aspect. The insurgent leaders are safely behind the bars. Their disaffected followers have been driven not only out of the State, but also out of the Republic. Business as usual is again the city's motto. In as much as the death penalty has been abolished in Brazil, the revolutionary leaders, who include several notorious Vienna Communists, will probably be sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

III

On July 5, 1922, a military mutiny occurred in Rio de Janeiro, the motives for which were little known in Europe, principally because the energetic measures taken by the President suppressed it within three days. Its leaders vanished into prison, where they still await the final action of the court.

Exactly two years later, on the fifth of July, 1924, the world was startled by the news that a revolution had broken out in São Paulo, the second most important city of Brazil. President Bernardes, who was confessedly completely surprised by the uprising, recognized at once the fearful blow it might give to the prestige of his country. If he surrendered to the rioters it would mean that a handful of mutinous soldiers could overturn the constitutional government. In other words, it would reduce Brazil to the rank of a Central American State, tossed hither and thither by eternal revolution. But if he clung to office, serious bloodshed was unavoidable. The President chose the second and the wiser course.

Brazil's situation had become very critical during May and June — its midwinter months. Her heavy indebtedness abroad, and the impossibility of putting her public finances on a

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sound footing without foreign help, had plunged the exchange and the commerce of the country into difficulties that convinced the President that economic reform was an indispensable preliminary for political betterment. With a courage rare in Latin America, he invited an English Commission last autumn to come to Brazil to make a thorough study of the business and financial situation and to recommend measures for improving it. The Commission took its task seriously, and on the first of June published its report simultaneously in England and Brazil. The findings, presented with typical English bluntness, did not gloze over the causes of the crisis, and unsparingly exposed certain defects in the administration. Such frankness naturally offended a sensitive people like the Brazilians, and the report made the President's position decidedly more difficult. The revolutionary plotters in São Paulo used this to help them carry out their long-premeditated project.

This does not mean that the revolution was provoked by the English report and by an expectation that the President would put its recommendations into effect. There was not time, considering the immense distances in Brazil, to plan such an uprising, which was intended to occur simultaneously in all parts of the country, during the thirty-five days since the first of June. The same reasoning makes it equally absurd to attribute the revolt to the friction that unquestionably did exist between the French Military Mission in São Paulo and the Federal garrison in the city. The last encounter between a Brazilian and a French officer occurred only a few hours before the actual outbreak. No, the true reasons for the revolution lie deeper.

A marked tendency toward centralization has been visible for some time in the Brazilian Government. The Federal authorities have rightly concluded that the evils existing in the administration are largely due to the activities of certain political cliques, whose influence is the stronger the farther their scene of operations is removed from Rio de Janeiro. For example, conditions along the Amazon are far less satisfactory than in neighboring Minas Geraes. Only a short time ago the State of Amazonas tried to mortgage part of its territory to a North American syndicate as security for a loan, and only the intervention of the Federal Government defeated the project. In order to prevent a repetition of such incidents, President Bernardes very properly advocates limiting the financial authority of the individual States and requiring them to secure the permission of the Federal Government before entering upon important negotiations like the one just mentioned. Natually men profiting by the present decentralization bitterly oppose such control and stigmatize the President's policy as un-Republican and absolutist.

Anyone familiar with Brazilian character will realize that even a suspicion of absolutist tendencies is calculated hopelessly to discredit the best statesman in the country. So the revolt, which was doubtless designed merely to serve the interests of a clique, secured a popular slogan to use against the Executive, whose proposed tax-reforms were already disliked in many circles.

When the first reports of the uprising reached the Government, the question immediately arose whether it could remain in Rio de Janeiro, whose garrison had shown itself unreliable two years ago and whose officers openly sympathized with the leaders of the 1922 mutiny. Bernardes and his ministers stuck to their posts, but they took two vigorous steps to fortify their position: they completely cut off São

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Paulo from communication with the rest of the world, and they put every suspected officer and journalist in prison. These acts have been bitterly criticized, but they were the only measures that could adequately protect the Government. We must bear in mind that the revolutionists in São Paulo were in a position to stop practically all exportation of coffee, the principal source of Brazil's revenue; that this city contained abundant supplies to support them for a considerable period; and that it was in a better position to make war without Rio de Janeiro than Rio de Janeiro would have been without São Paulo. The reports of the first successes of the revolutionists were to have been followed by a series of similar uprisings all over the country. But the complete isolation of São Paulo discouraged sympathizers elsewhere. The outbreaks planned did not occur simultaneously, but in succession and hesitatingly, and the authorities were well prepared to handle them.

The successive phases of the twenty-two days' battle have little general interest. Naturally the greatest losses were in the city itself, which was bombarded with light artillery. That was a regrettable measure, but was forced upon the Government, because it was the only way to teach the revolutionists, and a large class of citizens who did not know their own minds, that the Federal Government was in earnest and was determined to defend its authority with every means in its power.

The outcome justified the means. The martial ardor of the insurgents speedily cooled under the influence of the bombardment. Some of those who escaped are still continuing a kind of guerrilla warfare in the remote interior.

Unfortunately a number of recent German immigrants — and some Hungarians — surrendered to the wiles of the revolutionists and forgot that they had originally come to Brazil not to fight but to work. The German Ambassador and the German Consul in Brazil did all in their power to prevent these men from enlisting with the insurgents. The formation of a German battalion to serve their cause has naturally injured Germany in Brazil. But the practical assistance these men gave to the revolution was very slight, for they saw little active service.

While the revolution has been practically suppressed, its unhappy consequences will continue for a long time to afflict the country. A moratorium has been declared in São Paulo, and business there is temporarily suspended. Far more serious, however, is the injury done to Brazil's reputation abroad. The revolt occurred just when measures were under way to reform the public finances. There is little hope of proceeding further with these reforms at present. The rate of foreign exchange has been disastrously affected, and new and unexpected burdens have been imposed on the public treasury. These broader consequences of the revolt are incomparably more serious than immediate losses, such as the physical injury done to the city of São Paulo and the destruction of railway lines. For this reason such a revolt, even had its leaders been actuated by the highest motives, was to be utterly condemned. Brazil will progress only if she learns to settle her domestic controversies at the ballot box and ceases to employ force as a political argument.

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AMERICA'S NEW ZEPPELIN

JOURNALISTS IN THE AIR

[On November 17, 1923, we published a description of the giant Zeppelin, the largest in the world, that was then being built in Germany for the United States Government. We print below two descriptions, by the correspondents of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* respectively, of the trial flights on September 6 and September 11. The first article appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of September 9 and the second in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of September 14. In Germany this Zeppelin is known as LZ-126 — the figure denoting the total number built at Friedrichshafen — and not the ZR-3, as in the United States.]

I

Not until he enters the airship hall at Friedrichshafen does the visitor truly appreciate its enormous proportions. It is so big that the colossal vessel inside is far from filling it. There is no sense of crowding. A person's eyes sweep in astonishment from the giant contours of the ship itself to the roof of the building, which springs in a single graceful arch from wall to wall. The broad steering fins on the flanks of the vessel are diminished to insignificance by the distance when a man stands at the bow. The five motor gondolas, two on either side and one at the stern, and the roomy pilot and passenger gondola, shrink to tiny dimensions by contrast with the vessel's mighty bulk.

When we entered, mechanics were still busy in one of the gondolas. Complicated measuring instruments were being carried aboard and tested. In a few minutes the motors began to hum and men took positions at the guy ropes. It was time to go aboard.

A short command was given, the great heaps of sandbags that held the vessel to the floor were thrown to one side, and the great ship rose slightly as if with a breath of relief, though still under control of the men at the ropes. A second command; the vessel floated free, a stream of water ballast poured out, men jumped to one side to escape a wetting. Slowly and majestically the mighty ship moved out of the hall, still guided by clusters of men at the ropes; but she was already buoyantly poised for flight. Then things happened in quick succession. Ropes were cast loose, people cheered, a military band struck up a German air, and before we had time to realize what was happening the men who had stood almost by our side a moment before had become tiny figures framed in the rapidly receding field below. We were off! Handkerchiefs waved, blue waters sparkled below, a moment of sudden opaqueness, and we were above the clouds. A brilliant sun and a blue heaven were over us, and the great shadow of our vessel skimmed over the fleecy masses of white vapor just below.

Down there in her hall our giant ship seemed like a lethargic, clumsy colossus. Here in her own element she was a different being — a swift-winged silver tenant of the air, reflecting the bright sunbeams from her glossy sides, and wending her course proudly and confidently whither she willed.

An airship is the superlative of comfort, the climax to which the mail coach, the Pullman, and the ocean greyhound are but ascending steps.

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There is no rattling, no banging, no dust, no coal smoke, no vibration, no swaying. The journey begins in utter silence and continues without shock or conscious motion except now and then a slight rocking, sinking, or rising, so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible. Such an ascent is decidedly pleasanter than to go up a skyscraper in an elevator. Here there is no consciousness of height, the firm earth does not seem to desert the feet, there is no sense of dizziness. I am a good witness to this, for it makes me giddy even to watch children swinging or to look out of a high window. But during our nine hours' journey I did not have a single unpleasant sensation, although I watched the earth below for hours from a height of 1000 to 2000 feet.

We traveled very rapidly, although it did not seem so to the people who observed us from the land. Newspapers called it 'moderate' speed, though we were going at the rate of sixty-six miles an hour. We started promptly at 9 A. M. Fifty minutes later we were over Ravensburg, and at 10.25 were already in Algäu over Kempten. But we felt as if the vessel were scarcely moving. We floated deliberately above the green meadows, the forests, and the low elevations beneath. The Algäuer Alps gradually receded and the rugged pinnacles of the Wetterstein Range became visible. The Ammersee glittered in the distance, and at 11 A. M. we were already over Tutzing on the Starnberger See. It was peculiar — this sense of standing still when a hand thrust out the window was almost blown off and the shadow of our vessel swept swiftly forward over hill, dale, and river.

All Munich seemed to be waiting for us. Street cars stopped, their passengers descended, waved, and shouted; Odeon Platz was black with people. We made two great circles over the city and then, at 11.30, turned sharply to the northeast. We rose higher and all the contours of the country below us flattened out. The view had become familiar now, and I began to analyze my sensations. Certainly it was interesting, unique, colorful, pleasing, charming — but was it beautiful? Our short journey over the clouds was beautiful, peculiarly beautiful; but the passing landscape seen from our altitude, high above cities, lakes, roofs, forests, and fields, is not beautiful in the truest sense. We lose what is almost indispensable for our appreciation of beauty in nature — distinctions of height. Mountain and valley, tower and cottage, lose their elevation when seen from an airship. There is no standard by which to judge them when we look down upon them vertically. The tiniest hillside is more beautiful when we see it from the valley level than a mighty precipice a thousand feet beneath us. The comparison of such a landscape to a box of toys is already threadbare, but it expresses a fact. We are earth dwellers, and our senses and standards are accommodated to the globe on which we dwell; the airship emancipates us physically from the earth, but none the less we remain her children.

The Danube at Regensburg was as yellow as the Valhalla Temple on its banks. At 1.30 we were over Nuremberg. It was getting late, and we were due back at our starting-point at 5 P. M., so our visit here was brief. The vessel turned sharply to the west, and at 2.20 P. M. the old city of Ansbach lay under us. Here too we were greeted by a great, gazing crowd. One of the American inspectors had already settled down for an afternoon nap. But there was still plenty to see. A plough ing peasant halted his team and gazed upward in astonishment, but his two oxen showed no interest in airships Neither did horses pay attention to us.

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But doves and other birds were frightened and flew panic-stricken from our course. Every village presented the same spectacle. Ducks, geese, and hens scuttled madly to cover, instinctively fearing danger from the air; for our purring propellers, which we did not hear in the cabin, were plainly audible below.

When we passed Nuremberg we were notified that Stuttgart wished to give us a special welcome. First we were treated to a concert from the Stuttgart broadcasting station, then the Mayor pronounced an address of greeting to the vessel and its constructor, which we heard with our receivers. Our arrival had apparently been well advertised, for there was not a roof or a chimney so high that it was not clustered with men when we reached the city at half-past three. Traffic stopped, streets and squares were black with people, — blacker than in Munich, — and though we could hear nothing we could see that the people were cheering with enthusiasm. At both Munich and Stuttgart aviators welcomed and piloted us. An airplane flashed past us at Stuttgart, thus adding its speed to our own, so swiftly that it was scarcely visible.

A moment later and Stuttgart was far behind. The Vulcan range of the Swabian Mountains — the Rauhe Alb — rolled past us. Our cinema-operator, whose strenuous and death-defying labors we had admired all day, as he leaned far out of a motor gondola or the pilot house to film the passing landscape, now came into the cabin and asked us to be his actors. He said we performed very well. By the time he had finished, Lake Constance was already in sight at Ueberlingen, and a few minutes later we stopped over the ake between Langenargen and Friedichshafen. It was ten minutes past ive, but we were not yet ready to land. A number of measurements were to be taken before we did so. At length we settled swiftly and without incident to the field, but before our mighty airbird was back in its nest it was already six o'clock.

II

A GROUP of some twenty-five of us happy chosen ones stood by the side of the giant whale to which skillful and experienced workingmen were adding the last touches preliminary to a flight. Some were unloading water ballast, others were putting a finishing coat of silver-gray here and there upon the body, others were carrying complicated apparatus into the pilot's gondola, and still others, wearing sneakers on their feet, were hastening back and forth along the lengthy corridor of the ship on unknown errands.

Finally, at 9.30 A. M., a last careful survey was made of the weather, telephone messages from meteorological stations were carefully compared, and the final order for flight was given. We climbed aboard and seated ourselves in the comfortable, luxuriously upholstered and decorated cabin, made a quick survey of our traveling companions, and admired the technical laboratory that had been especially fitted up for this flight between the passengers' cabin and the pilot's cabin, with its numerous instruments, glasses, lamps, wires, and other mysterious devices. We also took advantage of a moment when we were not watched to climb the ladder to the pilot's post and get a view down the long, aluminum-braced passageway that extends fully six hundred feet to the tail of the ship. A small army of veteran Zeppelin employees guided our vessel, with the help of cables and a trackway, through a gigantic door 125 feet high and equally broad, into a meadow where peasants were ploughing their fields.

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There a cheering crowd, which seemed to have sprung from the ground by magic, greeted us. Cautiously the great air-vessel was balanced until she rode on a level keel. The motors were given an experimental turn or two, the last pilot-balloon was released, and a bold cinema-operator climbed into a motor gondola to make a film record of our trip.

We crowded close to the cabin windows and watched intently the green turf that we were about to leave. The last cheers were drowned by the roar of the motors, the Zeppelin turned slowly toward the lake, the command 'Attention! Cast off!' was given, and at precisely 9.53 we slowly rose aloft, while the throng below, the immense shed, and the green landing-field seemed to be wafted gently down into some mysterious depth beneath us.

In a moment we were over the old city, directly above the ancient castle, with its double towers, and headed toward Manzell, where in earlier days the floating Zeppelin hangar was moored. My neighbor pointed out to me a buoy that still marks that historic spot. We raised the 'cellon' windows and leaned out to enjoy the magnificent panorama that spread below us.

My immediate companions were the only daughter of old Count Zeppelin and her three oldest children, Baron von Bassus, who piloted the first Zeppelin in 1900, and Privy-Counselor von Hergesell, the famous Berlin meteorologist, who accompanied Count Zeppelin in 1908 on his famous Swiss journey. The American inspectors, who have been in Friedrichshafen more than a year, occupied the neighboring coupé. This was their third trial flight, and they took it with stoical composure. Several scientists and a few German and American journalists completed our party in the cabin — altogether twenty people. To these should be added twenty-eight members of the crew, and twenty-six observers, so that we were seventy-four persons all told.

The most important tests were taking radio bearings and determining positions with the help of radio stations on the coast and in the interior. During the first three hours of our trip speed trials were made as well as tests to show the steadiness and action of the vessel when the motors were not running. Swaying trails and steering experiments with different pairs of motors followed. There are five four-hundred-horsepower Maybach motors, each of which is in a separate gondola just large enough to contain it and two engineers. Men require iron nerves to spend eight hours continuously in the deafening noise of these confined quarters. The cinema-operator, who emerged after his eight hours' experience half dead, black as a Negro, and chilled to the marrow, and who did not completely recover his hearing for several days thereafter, can bear testimony to this. These various tests, and others to determine the ease with which the elevation of the vessel could be changed by the motors alone, without the use of ballast as in the old days, occupied three hours. Meanwhile we had crossed Lake Constance several times, in different directions, without departing from its immediate vicinity.

Our commander next sought a neighboring cloud-bank — of which many are likely to be met during the transatlantic flight — in order to ascertain the action of the vessel under those conditions. We were watching the deep green waters below and conjecturing the names of the toy vessels under us when suddenly the picture vanished and we lost all idea of our direction. At one moment we were over the Swiss shore, the next in the vicinity of Bregenz, of which we caught momentary glimpses through the breaking mist.

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An aviator circled around us several times, passing above us and below us. An assistant pilot hurried into the cabin and told us to close all the windows, for special air-resistance tests were to be made. Assistants ran hither and thither along the great corridor, telephones rang in all parts of the ship, pilots consulted and made notes, while we sat as comfortably as in a Pullman car and let ourselves be carried whither Fate willed.

An hour passed and we suddenly found ourselves over a long railway tangent somewhere in Wurttemberg. We now realized for the first time how rapidly we were moving, for we quickly overtook an express train. Our six-hundred-foot shadow, skimming across the country beneath, was likewise an indicator of our speed. We were rarely conscious of even the slightest swaying, but when we stuck our heads outside the wind buffeted us with tempestuous force, and we observed that the pendent motor-gondolas were swaying and tugging at their guys. The engineers must be immune to seasickness, as well as experienced riggers, to climb back and forth the swaying ladders during rapid flight.

At eleven o'clock we were over Tettnang in Wurttemberg, and a few minutes afterward again over Friedrichshafen, which we now crossed for the fifth time. A little later we repeated our visit to Swiss territory, where we had time to catch a brief glimpse of the Algäuer Mountains before they were again wrapped in clouds.

Just before one o'clock the commander, Dr. Eckener, came in from the pilot house jubilant, and told us that although weather conditions in Switzerland were not exactly propitious we were to risk a trip thither. We hurriedly unrolled our maps and spread them on a folding table in an apartment behind the electric kitchen, where there was plenty of room, and waited for things to happen.

At precisely 1.06 P. M. we crossed the Swiss shore of the lake directly above the old castle of Arenenberg. Then we quickly passed over Steckborn, where the children rushed out of school to look at us, and made our bow to Hohentwiel; at 1.14 P. M. we were above Stein on the Rhine, at 1.23 over Schaffhausen; and two minutes later, with the glittering Rheinfall below us, we turned from the river and were once more over German territory. At 1.44 P. M., when we were just above Waldshut, an airpost official came in with the announcement: 'Have your mail ready for Basel.' One of the journalists hastily wrote a last message on his typewriter. A mail sack with the German colors was made ready, and we stretched our necks out of the window to greet the old city on the Rhine. At two o'clock we were over Säckingen, at 2.06 over Rheinfelden, at 2.09 over Augst, where we heard the hum of an airplane that had come to greet us from Basel. And there lay the city twelve hundred metres below us. The mail bag whistled down into the depths below. Our ship made a great figure-eight over the sea of houses, from

COMMANDER DR. H. ECKENER

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one railway station to the other, crossing the Rhine three times. We studied the tangle of streets and squares beneath, the black clusters of spectators, the railways, the freight houses, the stations, the towers and the old tile roofs, and after a salute from the city, at 2.12 P. M., turned sharply to the left toward Liestal and Sissach.

The fragrant aroma of coffee was wafted to us from the galley. Biscuits were served. The vessel rose a little, because it was getting squally below. We caught a faint glimpse of Hallwiler See through the gray mist, passed over Sempacher See, and after crossing the sixth or seventh canton approached Lucerne. We did not fly directly over the city, because heavy clouds were banking against the neighboring heights. Pilatus and Stanserhorn were completely hidden, but the Rigi and Bergenstock were there to welcome us. We passed between Bergenstock and Kreuztrichter along the Küssnachter end of the lake, toward Lake Zug. We saw little of the town of Zug, and at times even the lake vanished completely from view. But it was bright and clear again over Sihlwald, and we easily topped the high ridge to Lake Zurich, which a few minutes later was directly beneath us. At 3.25 a Zurich airplane greeted us near Horgen.

Just then the commander called me hastily to the radio room. 'Come quick. Zurich is talking. Say a few words of greeting from the Zeppelin.' I was taken utterly by surprise, but there was nothing else to do. A moment later I was standing for the first time in my life before a radio transmitter, with receivers clamped to my ears, listening to what at first seemed nothing but a deafening and unintelligible rattle. I was a little confused and was chilled by the cool air, and doubted if a single word I uttered would be intelligible at the receiving station. Nevertheless I sent our greeting, and gave a very brief description of our trip. Then I heard a military band play and a speaker pronounce an official welcome.

These eight minutes in the radio room must be my apology for not describing our flight over Zurich, for by the time I had handed my earphones to a companion, warmed my half-frozen fingers, and looked out of the window, we were already over Kloten, and Zurich lay far behind us. We reached Winterthur, where a cloud of flags was flying, at 3.48. Half an hour later we were over St. Gallen, and at 4.30 again above Friedrichshafen. We could read the figure 13 written in black against a white ground on the green landing-field, telling us the temperature — in Centigrade — below.

But our commander was not yet satisfied, for the unsettled weather was just what he wished for certain technical experiments. So we sailed around for almost an hour and a half, making giant circles over Wurttemberg, and we were not ready actually to land until 6 P. M. Then we gently descended almost perpendicularly from an altitude of six hundred metres until the Zeppelin rested as softly as a satin cushion on the green landing-field, without the use of a single rope to bring it into position. A cheering crowd surrounded us and we again set foot on solid ground precisely eight hours after our ascent.

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A VISIT TO THE DAIL EIREANN

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Modern Review, August*
(CALCUTTA LITERARY AND CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

JUST as I entered the chamber in which the Dail Eireann holds its sittings, and took my seat in the Press Gallery, a Deputy some distance to the left of the Speaker's chair rose to address the Assembly. The distance between us could not have been more than twenty or thirty feet. Yet I could not understand a word he said. His voice was audible enough; in fact, he spoke loudly.

I was on the point of asking my neighbor — an oldish, stoutish man representing one of the press bureaus — what the Deputy was saying, when I suddenly began to follow the speech without difficulty. It then dawned upon me that he had been speaking in Irish and, possibly finding that he was not being understood by some of his fellow members or by the reporters in the gallery, had turned to English, which he spoke almost like a foreigner who thought in another language.

A similar experience must have fallen to the lot of other visitors from abroad, for it is not at all uncommon for some of the Deputies to start off in Irish and continue in English. Every one of them, whether Gaelic-speaking or not, begins with the phrase *A Ceann Comhairle* (pronounced *A Kin Korle*), which is the Irish equivalent of the English 'Mr. Speaker.'

Some Irishmen, while undoubtedly patriotic, are disposed to laugh at this attempt to revive the Irish language, and even to obstruct it. A number of the Deputies object to its use on the score of the expense of printing the Dail documents and Acts in Irish parallel with the English.

This attitude is scarcely to be wondered at when it is remembered that for many centuries a systematic endeavor was made to overlay Irish culture with English civilization. So successful, indeed, was the effort to kill the Irish language that it has ceased to be spoken over the larger part of the country and is now confined to remote districts along the southern and western seaboard — about 600,000 persons out of a total population of 4,000,000.

The green tint of the Order Paper — symbolic of the Emerald Isle, though blue is the traditional Irish color — which attracted my eye as soon as I sat down, the use of Gaelic by the Deputy, and the Irish title by which the Speaker was addressed by all the Deputies, forcibly brought home to me the fact that the Irish Free State to-day is a separate entity, possessing a legislature elected by the Irish people and solely responsible to them for its acts. The designation of the Assembly by the Irish title, 'Dail Eireann,' the use of the Gaelic phrase, *Techta Dala*, shortened into 'T.D.' (delegate), the retention of the words *Ta* (yes) and *Nil* (no) to indicate the results of divisions, and the floating of the Irish tricolor over Leinster House, the temporary home of the Assembly — all serve to emphasize this fact.

Everything about the Ceann Comhairle as he presides over the Dail emphasizes the difference between that assembly and other legislatures in the British Commonwealth of Nations. As he sits with his back to the Press

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Gallery, only his head and shoulders visible to newspaper men, no wig covers his hair, which is almost as dark as mine. His lounge suit might have been made from the same bolt of blue serge from which was cut the one I wear. There is nothing to distinguish him from the other members of the Dail, except that the chair in which he is seated, and the table in front of him, are placed on a platform slightly higher than the floor of the House.

There is no mace or other regalia on the table in front of the Speaker, as there would be if the men who constituted the Dail loved pomp and pageantry. None of the Deputies affects formal dress. Though I have attended many sessions of the Dail, I do not recollect having seen there a single tall hat or frock coat. Members enter and leave the Chamber without formally bowing to the Speaker, as is the custom in the House of Commons.

The red-plush-covered benches or tip-up chairs are arranged in horseshoe fashion around the officers of the Dail. Only the front rows are provided with desks. The seats rise, tier upon tier, to a wide corridor from which open the gangways leading down to the benches, cutting them up into sections.

The Dail presents an exceedingly youthful appearance. On more than one occasion, while sitting in the Speaker's or the Press Gallery, I have attempted to count the gray heads among them, and have failed to discover more than five or six. A majority of the members must be in the thirties. Indeed, I doubt if there is another national assembly in the world containing so many young men as the Dail. I am sure that no other legislative body has so many members who have seen the inside of a jail or an internment camp.

At times when some dull subject is being discussed, the benches are almost empty. On such occasions the two or three Deputies, rather more carefully dressed than most of their colleagues, who take delight in occupying seats in the topmost row, look isolated, like the gods on the Olympian heights, surveying with almost cynical unconcern the drab scene which is being enacted below. Now and again one of them becomes agitated over the crass neglect of national interests by the ministry and harangues the Assembly.

The Dail, it must be remembered, is not constituted along the traditional British Parliamentary lines and does not consist of one party in power and another in opposition. Elected on the basis of proportional representation, specially designed to safeguard the interests of the minorities, it contains a number of groups. Five of them, not taking into consideration the Republicans, who do not attend, are officially recognized and at least one of the five is really a coalition of two or more distinct factions.

The *Cumann na n' Gaedhael*, or Government Party, consists of fifty-seven Deputies, one of them a woman, a sister of General Michael Collins, who was killed by the Anti-Treatyites in 1922. Acute differences last spring over a mutiny in the Army led to the secession of some eight members, who constituted themselves into the 'National Group.' The Independents and the Farmers each number fifteen. There are, besides, fourteen Labor Deputies.

The Government and its supporters sit at the extreme left of the Speaker, instead of at the right, as in other countries. The terms 'Right' and 'Left,' used figuratively to indicate conservatism and radicalism, have, therefore, no application to the groups in the Dail.

In a sense it is in the fitness of things that the Ministers and their supporters

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should constitute the Left. Less than half a dozen years ago they were spoken of as 'the murder gang,' were 'on the run,' their pictures and descriptions were published in the *Hue and Cry* issued by the British police, with its headquarters at Dublin Castle, and large rewards were offered for the heads of some of them.

As a general rule the proceedings are conducted in a sober, orderly manner, much to the surprise of the visitor who arrives from abroad with the preconceived notion that the debates of an assembly of Irishmen are bound to be heated. At times, however, when a subject of vital importance on which difference of opinion is intense comes up, the atmosphere does become charged with electricity, as indeed happens in other parliaments.

Such occasions always serve to demonstrate the adroitness of the Ceann Comhairle. Though exceedingly young to be filling a position of such responsibility, he has succeeded in mastering parliamentary procedure. The warmer the debate becomes, the cooler he seems to grow. Without appearing to exert himself, certainly without making a show of authority, he steers the discussion into quieter channels. Possessing a gift of humor and an unusually quick mind, he accomplishes with a jest what many presiding officers fail to do with a rebuke. He has a tantalizing habit of refusing to take seriously Deputies who are constitutionally incapable of conceiving that they are ever in error. He has a still more discomfiting habit of refusing to be drawn into an argument, or to answer an hypothetical question. He leaves the interpretation of the Treaty and the Constitution to the courts, but is always ready to give a ruling when there is real need for one. His attitude toward the Dail is always deferential.

Whatever the hour at which the visitor chances to arrive at the Dail, whatever the subject of discussion, and whatever the mood in which the Deputies carry on the debate, he soon discovers that the average of forensic ability, in view of the youth of the Assembly and the inexperience of the legislators, is high. Even Deputies who are comparative novices seldom hem and haw, as is so often the case with legislators elsewhere, but speak as if words came to them easily and naturally.

The language in use nearly all the time is English; but it is not exactly the King's English. Unlike the phraseology current in the British House of Commons, at least until Labor came into power, it is not stilted. Similes and metaphors leap from the lips of the Deputies. Speeches are rarely dull or unimaginative.

The pronunciation of a Deputy is hardly ever the same as that of the one who preceded him. In a single debate I have detected more than a dozen brogues — different ways of rolling the *r's*, speaking in a rasping tone, as if steel were being chewed into bits and spat out, or in a soft, singsong fashion. This variety alone makes listening to a Dail debate enjoyable.

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INTEGRITY

BY ROBERTO J. PAYRO

From *Caras y Caretas, February 23*
(Buenos Aires Illustrated Topical Weekly)

What I shall relate, señor, occurred in a certain near-by republic, the theatre of continual political convulsions, more frequent and formidable than those suffered by us — although, of course, we should not envy anyone in this particular.

It is fair to say, however, that after much calamity that country, rich and beautiful, has entered to-day on the road to happiness and peace and is making steady progress both morally and materially — as the papers state — and in point of legislation and administration is arriving, if it has not already arrived, at the head of the Latin-American nations.

Well, then, after a long series of Presidents without energy and interest, when only sanguinary little tyrants, minus all scruples, reigned, — they could not be said to govern, — at a season which might be characterized as the worst of all, there was a Dictator, cruel, arbitrary, and insolent, a man in whom one knew not which to reprehend more, his barbarity or his dishonesty. His reign was an orgy.

This Dictator, like all his ilk, did not lack a certain generosity of manner, either natural — which is probable, given his South American temperament — or assumed for the purpose of attracting proselytes, since tyrants desire support and seek to surround themselves with friends, necessarily bought.

The fact is that one afternoon while he was taking a stroll, followed by his aids-de-camp and guarded by his secret-service agents, — the more visible when most secret, — our Dictator met in the street an old schoolmate whom he had lost sight of ever since his schooldays. The man lowered his head and attempted to pass the Dictator unobserved.

Recognizing him at the first glance, although he was aged, emaciated, and clothed in a threadbare suit; and suspecting that he feigned not to see him in order not to salute him, — as a demonstration of contempt, — the Dictator called to him, to discover what it was that vexed him.

'Hello, Carlos!'

'Good afternoon, *Excelencia*,' replied the man dryly.

'Why *Excelencia?* Surely not *Excelencia!* Are we not friends?' asked the Dictator with the tone of an official godfather.

'Good afternoon, Maximo, if you prefer.'

'What are you doing with yourself? Why do you keep yourself so close? Why don't you ever come to see me?'

'What do you wish, Maximo? How can I come to see you? I lead a dog's life. I am miserable, and I have not gone to see you because Greatness forgets poor friends and even sometimes offends with unasked charity.'

'But I have not forgotten you,' protested the Dictator effusively. 'How could I fail to remember the most brilliant of my schoolfellows, the companion of my youth? But let us quibble no longer. Come with me to the Executive Mansion; it is time that I returned. I

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wish that I could keep in touch with you. There is much to tell you. But let us not lose time, for I am disposed to help you.'

'I do not beg, Maximo,' replied Carlos, with emphasis but without irritation.

'What a man you are! I did not wish to offend you. I expressed myself badly. Is n't it possible that you need something? Are you contented as you are?'

'Thank you, Maximo.'

They started off together.

Carlos X—— had talent, but unfortunately in that epoch, with the country upset, his private fortune had suffered seriously. Reduced to ruin, with or without his own fault, neither initiative nor intelligence nor industry served for the moment to save him from drifting downward.

'Bad times and worse business,' recounted Carlos, when they were seated sipping maté which had been brought them by a Negro orderly, 'have reduced me, in fact, to a situation truly desperate. Within a few years, although I have not failed to work unceasingly, the money left me by my father — which was not much — has gone, as well as the money that I had formerly accumulated — which was very little. A new construction enterprise took part, a manufacturing venture some more, and the rest we have spent for food in order to live. Things have reached a pass where to-day neither my poor wife nor my four children have as much as a cup or a bowl to themselves. The only thing we have left to lose is our good spirits and energy. Now you see me with an overcoat — or the outline of an overcoat — and perhaps to-morrow or the next day you may see me barefooted, wearing a frock coat, because at present the only good garment left me is my wedding coat, despised even by the waiters in the café, who are equipped from the old-clothes shops.'

He spoke jestingly, with that cheerful philosophy which sustains in great misfortunes men to whom material reverses are but natural and unescapable incidents of life.

The Dictator remained silent, pensive, and then said: 'Are you good at arithmetic?'

'So-so.'

'Are you a good administrator?'

'I do not know. I have not tried. What I am, perhaps you can see —'

'Perfectly,' exclaimed His Excellency. 'I know you.'

He wrote several lines, took a seal, and called his messenger.

'Take this to the Secretary of the Treasury. It is urgent. Tell him that the President is waiting.'

The messenger hurried away as Carlos arose, very grave, very dignified, without the ironical smile which had previously lit his features.

'Many thanks, Maximo,' he exclaimed, 'many thanks; but I have told you that I do not ask for charity. Not even from my best friends. Thank God that I can work, and I can still find work.'

Taking his hat to leave, he extended a hand to the Dictator.

'Who talks of charity?' the latter replied. 'Just because I sent this note to the Secretary of the Treasury you supposed — But we will not discuss the matter. Come, put down your hat, be seated, and we will talk together like good friends.'

'I had thought —'

'You thought wrong.'

The little Negro, like a water-carrier, immediately brought more maté.

'What do you think of this yerba which I have brought especially from Paraguay?'

And they chatted of old times and general topics and were engulfed in

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common recollections, when — without much delay — the employee returned and delivered a document with an official seal.

'*Sirvase, Su Excelencia!*'

The Dictator read over the document rapidly, signed it, and then turned toward Carlos.

'Do you wish a position?' he asked. 'Do you wish to help me serve our country?'

'Can you doubt it?'

'Then read!'

He passed the paper to Carlos, who read it with veritable stupefaction, started to read it over again for fear that he was mistaken, and at last hastened toward the Dictator, stumbling against the furniture, tripping himself on the carpet, with arms extended, saying: —

'But this is a tale from the Thousand and One Nights! It is not real! Nothing less than Administrator-General of Customs! Oh, Maximo, Maximo! You are giving me back my life! You are my second father!'

The Dictator took his hand with a certain emotion, satisfied with this enthusiasm, smiling at the felicity of his school friend, and thinking perhaps that the work would now be well done by him. But if he thought this he soon forgot it.

'It is something to serve one's friends,' he said.

Carlos X—— ran to tell the good news to his family, who saw, naturally, the heavens open. No one slept that night for exchanging plans to inaugurate a most exemplary customs-administration.

Impatiently Don Carlos went early the next morning to the office to take possession of his post, and to commence without delay his reform.

'It will be necessary to make a clean sweep, so that poor Maximo will not be subjected to the slander of the Opposition,' he reflected. 'A good stroke will be needed and I will deliver it unless I am forcibly restrained.'

To him it seemed evident that in naming him Administrator-General of Customs the President, knowing his integrity, desired to give security and stability to that department, which was one of the most corrupt, if not the most corrupt, of the entire government machine. Why did he appoint a citizen whose honesty had been kept unspotted in the midst of the greatest misery — at a time when the world was infested with systematic robbery, crimes, and criminals — if not to cure, at least to cauterize, this public ulcer?

The good man worked with heart and soul, displaying much initiative and prodigious energy, but without effecting the radical administrative reforms that he had planned. His complaints and his requests for the dismissal of useless and depraved employees embarrassed the Secretary of the Treasury and were pigeonholed at his office without any action whatsoever. Smuggling continued rampant, especially at the ports and frontiers that were most difficult to inspect on account of their distance, and although it diminished somewhat — as for instance at the capital, where he made his headquarters — the public debt augmented in an appreciable amount.

'What could n't I do if the Minister of the Treasury would only keep his hands off!' he said to himself. 'It is a pity that Maximo does not know. Why should he not know? But he will be told, surely he will be told!'

His excellent intentions being dashed to pieces against the inertia and bad faith of the Secretary, Carlos's good work was nullified and rendered scarcely different from that of his predecessors, who had been justifiably censured for their corruption and venality. The unhappy man suffered from the unfair

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and violent attacks of the Opposition, which abused him, particularly in the foreign press, for the newspapers of the country were muzzled and effectively deprived of their freedom of speech, *vive Dios*.

'And so they also accuse poor Maximo,' he reflected one day. 'But this does not console me, because they believe that I am causing the iniquity.'

The worst was that the friends of the Government began to undermine him because he was working against their interests. His efforts at reform injured not only the smugglers but also certain merchants who, availing themselves of these people, increased their profits and carried on ruinous competition against their more honest or less clever fellow-traders — men who made some effort to obey the customs laws and regulations. But against this sea of vice and tidal wave of unpopularity, whose crest was already visibly reflected in the insidious notices appearing in the servile press, Carlos believed that he could rely upon an infallible arm.

'Maximo will support me until the end of my campaign,' he said.

But one morning he saw with considerable astonishment a paragraph in the official journal announcing his imminent resignation and even indicating the name of his prospective successor.

Bewildered, but convinced that it was an error, he hastened to the Executive Mansion and asked for an audience with the President, which was immediately granted.

'What have you there?' asked the Dictator.

'Have you seen this notice?' asked Carlos, replying with this question and presenting the newspaper.

'Yes. I myself ordered it to be published.'

'This cannot be! Would you turn me out destitute? Would you suddenly take the bread from my children's mouths?'

'Why suddenly? What about depriving you of bread? Don't come to me with tales. How long is it since you were appointed Administrator-General of Customs?'

'Almost a year.'

'And are you not satisfied with this? How much have you saved?'

'Not a penny.'

'That is not possible.'

'The salary is not large, and my expenses have been heavy. I shall leave this office as I came in — with empty hands.'

'You must be a fool. *Vaya!* Don't bother me. I don't want all these details. But understand this well: you must present your resignation within six months. I have other friends to help. And this time do not be a fish!'

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THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND

BY THE REVEREND CONRAD WALMSLEY, O. F. M.

[We print below an article by the historian of the first Franciscan province in England (1224–1534), which appeared in the London *Morning Post* of September 10, on the occasion of the celebration of the seven-hundredth anniversary of the first landing of the Franciscan friars at Dover. We append to this a portion of an unsigned article which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of September 13.]

I

Tired, travel-stained, and clad in beggars' garb, the first Franciscan friars came to these shores. Little did they think as they landed at Dover on the tenth of September, 1224, that seven hundred years later the anniversary of their coming would be celebrated amid popular enthusiasm by Catholics and non-Catholics alike in the presence of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and eminent laymen.

They had been sent by Saint Francis himself to make known his gospel of Poverty and Brotherly Peace, not without trepidation, however, for three years before their brethren engaged on a similar mission to Northern Europe had been so harshly treated that they had been forced to return, their mission unfulfilled. This misgiving was not lessened by the reception they met with at Dover, where they were imprisoned in a nobleman's castle, to which they had come to ask for food and shelter.

The news of their arrival and strange appearance had preceded them, and had aroused the suspicions of the countryside. When, therefore, they entered the castle they really walked into a trap. The gatekeeper informed his master, who showed them to their chamber and provided for all their needs. Wearied with their journey and unsuspecting, they soon fell fast asleep. In the morning they found they were prisoners. They were released only to be brought before the magistrate of the district, who had meanwhile been summoned. It did not take long to condemn them as spies. When things had reached this pass, one of the English friars, taking off his cord, said that if they were spies they had also brought with them the rope with which to be hanged. This pleasantry disarmed suspicion, and they were freed.

From this adventure may be gathered some idea of the welcome they received in England. When the people were not openly aggressive they were merely tolerantly skeptical.

The leader of this little band was Agnellus, a Tuscan of noble family, whom Saint Francis had chosen from among his ardent followers to take his own place as the evangelist of Lady Poverty in this country. The Saint had intended to come in person to England; but he had been unable, owing to his already weak state of health. Agnellus was to establish outposts in France first, and then to cross over to this country. The year before he came to England, therefore, he had settled in Paris, and there, by his example and charm, had gathered about him a goodly company.

Paris in those days was almost as cosmopolitan as Rome is to-day. Students from all parts of Europe used to frequent her schools. It was probably from among these that Richard of Devon and William of Ashby came to enroll themselves under the banner of Saint Francis. When Agnellus set out

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for England he took with him these two students — both young and novices at the time — and an older Englishman, Richard of Ingworth, already a priest and a good preacher; the remaining five were lay brothers and not Englishmen. Agnellus at that time was just thirty years of age and a deacon, so it came to pass that Brother Richard of Ingworth was the first to preach and make known the Franciscan ideal in the English tongue. He later crossed into Ireland to plant there the standard of the Poverello.

The nine friars did not tarry in Dover. They made their way to Canterbury. The Chronicle is silent as to the reason of their choice of the Cathedral city; but they were probably bearers of letters from the Benedictine monks of Fécamp to their brethren of the Priory of Holy Trinity. Certain it is they were well received and hospitably entertained by the monks. After staying with them two days, at the invitation of the Master of the Priests' Hospice, Sir Alexander, they accepted his hospitality until they found a suitable house. It must not be imagined that the whole nine availed themselves of his kindness. Before they left the Priory it had been decided that Richard of Ingworth and Richard of Devon with two lay brothers should go to London and see what could be done there.

The five who remained at Canterbury were soon provided with a shelter of their own, a small room at the back of the schoolhouse belonging to the Hospice. They kept to themselves at first, probably because they were not looked on with favor by the people, who were nonplused at their strange manner of life. This aloofness presumably did not last long, though through the absence of local records it is difficult to gather how soon the people began to warm toward them. At most it could have been only a question of months.

The Master of the Priests' Hospice gave them a plot for a chapel. The ground they obtained, and the buildings erected on it were given to the city for the use of the brethren. It was in this way that the friars accepted their convents; for they were forbidden by their Rule an absolute possession. They were to live in the world 'as strangers and pilgrims.' The friars subsequently removed to Benwith, an island in the Stour. It is not certain when the change took place, for though the property was bought for them in 1267 by John Diggs, a worthy and devout citizen, they seem to have been in occupation by 1264. In August of that year Henry III gave them permission 'to build a bridge over the Stour, between the site of their house and their place called Brokmede . . . so that little ships — *naviculæ* — may pass under it without impediment.'

Of the friary built by John Diggs in 1267 a few small buildings remain. Fortunately they have fallen into the hands of a keen lover of Saint Francis, who with tender care has had them restored. They form one of the most interesting and beautiful Franciscan relics in Canterbury.

But no sketch of the Franciscans in England in those early days would be complete without a reference to the Franciscan School at Oxford. The friary was founded in November of the same year as that of Canterbury. The school was built by Agnellus himself, who invited the best professors to lecture to the friars. The first Divinity Reader was Master Robert Grosseteste, later Bishop of Lincoln (A.D. 1235–1256). Soon, however, the friars were able to staff their own schools, thanks to the many learned men who joined the Order. The names of Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Richard of Middleton,

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and William of Ockham are sufficient to recall the glory of the Franciscan School at Oxford. It may be said that the Oxford friars were the pioneers in this country of the experimental sciences.

The popularity of the friars was phenomenal. By 1256, that is, within thirty-two years of their first coming, the Grey Friars numbered 1242 and had forty-nine houses in this country alone. They were established in most of the principal towns: in London, the capital; in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; in the Cathedral cities of Canterbury, York, and Salisbury; and in the seaports of Grimsby and Southampton. A footing, moreover, had been by this time obtained in Scotland and Ireland.

The cause of their popularity is not far to seek. Innocent III had legislated against the worldliness and apathy of the clergy; but it was Saint Francis who gave to his laws their life and efficacy, for he had grasped as no other had grasped the utter unworldliness of the ideal of Christ. He wished to renew the fervor of Christendom by renewing the appeal of the personality of its Divine Founder. He hoped, by bringing to the knowledge of the people in their own language the beauty of the life of Christ, to inspire once again a personal love of Him. Once Christ was loved, love of Him would inspire sacrifice and unworldliness, and apathy would thus be overcome. The friars by their close imitation of their leader showed that his rule of life could be lived. They became popular because, abandoning all pretensions, they sought to understand and to sympathize with the masses by living their life and sharing their hardships.

II

Our Franciscans were not the first friars to enter England; the Dominicans or Black Friars had been here three years and, passing through Canterbury and London, were established at Oxford, where they had opened a school in the University. They had come in the train of the Bishop of Winchester, who presented them to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury; the little company of Grey Friars Franciscans were brought over by the monks of Fécamp, who were on a visit to one of their English priories, and when they had begged their way to Canterbury were sheltered for two days in the Priory of what is now the Cathedral, whence four of them set out for London while the other five found shelter in the Hospice for poor clerks and later in a schoolroom after hours. The London group, finding temporary shelter with the Black Friars, hired a house in Cornhill which they wattled off into separate chambers till a more commodious dwelling was granted for their use. From there, two of their number went to Oxford, again guests of the Black Friars, till they hired a house in St. Ebbe's and began their work there.

England had need of both Orders — need spiritual and temporal. The strife between the King and the Church had left a hierarchy ever on the watch against encroachments on its rights, and a parish clergy as little spiritually minded as their superiors. As for the lay people, the years of good government of Henry II had but just restored the losses of the anarchy of Stephen, when the evil rule of John and the resultant anarchy of the minority of his son had once more brought them to the verge of ruin. Misery, ignorance, and disease were everywhere. And, each in its own way, the two Orders fought them, and as they fought their numbers grew, and they spread over the land from town to town, where their work lay.

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There was something in Franciscanism which especially appealed to the English middle-class mind, so that during the many debates of the first century of the Order the English Franciscans were regarded as models for the other provinces. The uncompromising rigidity of the rule appealed to one side of their character, its sweet worldliness, with all its dangers, to another. Own nothing, said the Rule. Still hire a house as long as you explain that you have nothing to pay the rent with, said the man who had to provide shelter for his little group of novices. But in one thing the English temperament prevailed. The love of learning made the Franciscan schools of Oxford as famous as the Dominicans of Paris, the two chief schools of philosophy of the Middle Ages. The friars, who could own no property, not even the convents in which they lived, managed to store their libraries with the learning of the world, though their founder had refused to a novice the comfort of a Psalter.

It was not till the days of the New Learning that their leadership in thought died away, and with it they sank into the undistinguished ranks of mediocrity.

Once more, there must have been something in the English mind that attracted Saint Francis himself in his turn. Though his Italian biographers are silent on the subject, we know that his *socius*, his allotted companion, was an Englishman. Of his life and conversation we know nothing, save that he lies buried in the great church of his companion, and legend tells of the miracles wrought at his tomb till the dead friar was ordered, in the name of Holy Obedience, to cease. In the bidding prayer at Canterbury the names of Englishmen stood high on the list of those early missionaries whose spirit, strangely harmonious with ours, freed their country from the strange heresies which had overrun Europe, and nourished its inborn love of ordered freedom: —

> Let us give thanks to God for the coming of the Grey Friars to England.
>
> Let us especially on this day remember with prayer and worship those nine Brothers Minor who first came to Dover on the Tuesday after the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the tenth of September, in the year of our Lord 1224: —
>
> Brother Agnellus of Pisa, deacon
> Brother Richard of Ingworth, priest
> Brother Richard of Devon, acolyte
> Brother William of Ashby, novice
> Brother Henry of Lombard, lay brother
> Brother Laurence of Beauvais, lay brother
> Brother William of Florence, lay brother
> Brother Melioratus, lay brother
> Brother James

The streets of Canterbury, crowded on Wednesday by thousands of strangers come to join in the commemoration of these nine ragged mendicants who helped to revolutionize the literary and religious life of our country, did not lend themselves to any imaginative reconstruction of the surroundings in which they moved. The scarlet and rose of Cardinal Bourne, the gold and scarlet and ivory of the celebrant Bishop and his servers at the Mass, struck a jarring note when one remembered that in these very streets the men whose memory they were celebrating had been forced to hide in an inner room till the evening, when they could safely gather round the decaying fire and excite each other to praise and prayer. The scholars who have devoted their life to the study of Franciscan history, the brown-robed Capuchins who walked the streets in procession to the carefully restored remains of the ancient convent, were alike out of tune with these men and their time, even if the outwardly incon-

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gruous mixture of bowler hat and cigar with the russet habit and cord was more truly in harmony with the spirit of their predecessors than the pontifical habits of the Cardinal and the dead uniform dress of the visiting Orders. They were part of an antiquarian display, indeed, but their hold on modern life was tenuous.

To all appearance the work of the early Franciscans was finished. And yet the moral of their lives remains — no great thing will ever be done until the artist, writer, preacher, inventor, or whatever he may be, is prepared to cut himself loose from all ties of family, all desire for money or fame or ease, and give himself entirely to his one aim. And this is no easier gospel now than it was seven hundred years ago, but to one hearer at least it is the message of Saint Francis to the world of to-day.

THE LOST BOOKS OF LIVY

From the *Spectator, September* 18
(London Moderate-Conservative Weekly)

[As most of our readers are aware, an obscure but apparently reputable Italian scholar recently claimed to have discovered the lost books of Livy in the vaults of Castel dell 'Ovo, a fortress on the site of an ancient monastery at Naples. The alleged find proves to have been a myth, but it was a thirty days' sensation in the European press, and produced a new wave of Livy literature.]

These missing books of Livy have been the subject of lament for centuries. Scholars, historians, orators, and even men of a general polite culture have vowed that they would give — well, anything in moderation — ten years of life, say, to recover them. But if Professor Mario di Martino Fusco has at last found them all, if in the next few years we shall have in print a hundred and seven new books on the History of Rome, I doubt whether we shall rush to read them. We are not the men our grandfathers were; in those heroic times Livy was almost light reading, and a man who did n't know the Secessions of the Plebs could not show his face in cultivated society.

I was looking recently at an advertisement of Bohn's Library printed in 1848. Bohn's Library was to our ancestors what Everyman's Library or the World's Classics are to us — the staple reading of an educated man, the collection of books which should be the foundation of every private library. Now, what was every decent man supposed to have read in 1848? Histories of Austria, Germany, Florence, France; lectures on Theology, Philosophy, Æsthetics, and Language; Sermons and Church Histories; Aristotle, Plato, Cicero and Livy. It is n't so much that a gentleman's library should n't contain books like these now. But the list is so severe in its omissions; we may not confess to reading fiction or modern poetry. At least books of that nature can never be among the 'hundred best.' I noticed, however, with disappointment and shame, that tucked away at the bottom of a page as Extra Volumes

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were the Works of Rabelais. But I believe that the 'forties were a degenerate age; and that our ancestors' ancestors would have looked in horror at so trivial a list of educative reading as Bohn's Standard Library.

No, the excitement that the reported discoveries has caused in the daily press does not imply that journalists have suddenly found their secret hopes and longings fulfilled. It is merely the universal excitement of being in at the discovery of anything that has occupied the attention of the world — anything, indeed, that has been *known* to be lost. I, for my part, shall wait with patience till these books have been digested and 'gutted' of their best stories and most significant facts. I confess that I have n't taken the trouble to read all, even, of the thirty-five books that we have already accessible. They made me read half a dozen once, and they made me learn something of the contents of others. They made me write 'historical proses' in the style of Livy. And now I must make a more serious confession, one that should endear me to the ghosts of my ancestors — I liked Livy.

There were three reasons why I liked him. In the first place Roman history, the dullest history in the world, gained some degree of liveliness when there were tales to be related from Livy. The Punic Wars were positively exciting. Hannibal's elephants on the Alps, his soldiers pouring vinegar on the rocks to crack them for a foothold, even the old question, 'By what route did Hannibal cross?' were welcome diversions from the stream of laws and laws — for which Rome is justly famous — and the recurring problem, Should you pauperize a population by doles to the unemployed? Of course, these are matters of moment, very valuable for widening the consciousness of a schoolboy. But this schoolboy was looking for literature in the classics, and for æsthetic emotion. And Livy, truth to tell, was a good writer. I thanked him then for what he had done to brighten and make absorbing the dullest of lessons; and I envy the schoolboy of the future if so much more of Roman history is to be rescued from its improving pedestrianism.

The second reason for my affection was more personal, but more revealing, I think. I could never attend, during translation hours, to the slow efforts of my fellows or to the grammatical excursus of my master. And even Livy I could not bring myself to prepare. At the end of a term, therefore, I found myself about to be examined on three books of Livy, and knowing by chance perhaps a score of paragraphs in the three books. The night before our examination papers I sat up and read two and a half of those books. Now, of course, the questions that any schoolboy, or any undergraduate, most dreads are the 'context' questions. You are given half a sentence from your set books and told to complete it, and to say where it occurs. I could answer them all! I won't say that I could finish them all off accurately, but I knew what they were about and I could recollect the circumstances under which they occurred. And that, I think, is an immense compliment to Livy. After one attentive reading I found that I could remember the 'continuity' of those two and a half books, that the events fell into place in the narrative and at the same time were vivid enough to have fixed themselves separately in my mind. The artistry of Livy had saved me from the disgrace which, by the rules of Samuel Smiles, should certainly have befallen me.

It is the style of Livy that gave me a third reason for pleasure, not so much in reading him, but in meditating upon

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him, and in my exercises imitating him. For Livy was an honest man. Cicero was by no means an honest man; he was prolix and vague and affected. One can easily tire to death of those magnificent periods and that artistic monotony of rhythm. His very fastidiousness in the choice of words became an offense; and it may be fun, for a short time, to write proses in which you carefully work up to *esse videatur* or *posse videatur* or *communicare videatur*, but it is n't a pleasure which lasts. De Quincey's rhythms are fatiguing. Sir Thomas Browne, even, can affect the reader with a longing for some good, loud cacophony of phrase. But Cicero is more perfect and consistent than either. It was miserable to go on forever writing oratorical proses in the manner of Cicero. It was a relief to be given, now and then, a historical prose. You had two models: you could imitate Cæsar and you could imitate Livy. Doubtless Cæsar was the better stylist for purity of phrase and sobriety, but Livy had greater attractions. He was not above using downright, forcible, ugly words and constructions. I can recall my astonishment at reading in a Latin author: *Ego sum civis populi Romani.* Another advantage was that he introduced poetical words and constructions, too; you could play much more with your Latin if you imitated Livy. And for all that he *had* a style, a straightforward style such as any intelligent man might write and only Livy did write. With all his faults I loved him more than stiff Cæsar or tedious Cicero.

So I am glad it seems possible that the hundred and seven lost books are recovered. Livy has been shorn of three quarters of his bulk and of some part of his glory, and he very well deserves restitution. I am aware, too, that any representative of our ancestral scholarship who still survives in this trifling age will be reasonably excited at the chance of considering for months the hoard of new facts that result from Dr. Mario Fusco's researches.

They will have the complete history of Rome till 9 B.C. — practically till the birth of Christ — and they will be able to draw from it many lessons in statecraft and economics and political morality. They will be able to see Rome and the civilization of Rome more clearly as a unified force in the history of the world; for it was the aim of Livy to give such a picture. And when this is done we shall all have instilled into us a further knowledge of mankind. I should not prophesy that we shall be very much wiser.

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ON A JURY

BY A WOMAN-JUROR

From the *Adelphi, August*
(London Literary Monthly)

A long while ago I got a notice telling me to hold myself ready to serve on a jury, and I held myself ready. Years passed — five of them — and nothing happened, except that — the law makes me timid — I continued ready. And then one day came the order to present myself at the Law Courts at 10 a.m. on the following Monday. *Hereof fail not* were the last words of the notice. As though I would. I was much too anxious to give satisfaction to that which, displeased, could punish me. Besides, I was to be fined five pounds if I did n't appear, and another five pounds if, having appeared, I for any reason whatever left the jury box once I was in it.

Naturally I appeared. And naturally I stuck to the jury box with all my might, though there was an awful moment after lunch the first day when my indignant stomach, caring nothing for the law and outraged by the food provided on those august and awful premises, threatened to cost me five pounds. I dare say my fellow jurors had such moments too; but we all sat good and neat in our box, and behaved so meekly and gave a verdict so exactly after the judge's heart — he practically told us what it was to be — that at the end of the case he made us a special bow. I know it was a special bow because, having had to hang about while the case before ours was finished, I saw him not bow to the other jury.

There were ten men and two women on our jury. One of the women was I. I came up from a week-end in the country on the Sunday evening, eager to be in time, fearing that the Monday morning trains might be late. *Hereof fail not* rang in my ears. I was afraid. For I am of those who are so good that they easily feel guilty; and when one never does anything wicked the least little flaw in one's behavior appears startlingly black against that bright background of blamelessness. So, on a perfect skin, does one spot seem much worse than many spots on a bad one.

I was afraid. I was going into the very jaws of the Law, into its head lair, and I approached the Courts with anxious punctuality. The place was dotted with policemen. I felt shifty under their gaze, and was sure I looked it. My feet seemed to stammer as they went up the steps. I tried to walk in as one who had the right, but a policeman in the doorway, whom I was going to pass without speaking, — why should I speak to him? — instantly said, 'Yes, Miss?'

'I'm a juror,' I said — nervously, for suppose he said I was n't? Then there would have to be explanations, and at no time would I, if I could avoid them, have explanations with policemen.

He eyed me doubtfully, but said nothing, so I ventured to go on. Why should he eye me doubtfully, I wondered as I went into the enormous hall that makes one feel as if one were on all fours; did n't I look like a juror? On the other hand I was pleased to have been called Miss. One is, after a bit. And upstairs, wandering about endless cold stone corridors trying to find the

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particular mausoleum my body that day belonged to, something else happened to hearten me: I met a fireman, and he said, 'Now what might you be wanting, my dear?' How friendly it sounded; how warm; and in the very maw of the Law too. I was much pleased, and continued my way comforted. But he too had seemed surprised when I told him that what I wanted was to be a juror.

Having found my court, and put on an expression of civic responsibility, I went into it five minutes before ten. It was very dark, and coldly stuffy. Outside, the world that day was flaming with heat and light. In the meadows along the river at Mapledurham, from whence I had come the evening before, I knew the buttercups were all out, and the yellow-hammers were singing in the reeds. It seemed a pity to be in that dark place on such a May morning. It seemed a pity that people should ever do wrong things, and that those who did n't — the eleven and myself — should have to come into a chilly court and deliver verdicts on them.

An official in a wig, whom I regarded with awe, but soon got used to and perceived that like the rest of us he was but a poor thing and not a pin to choose between him and me, sat at a table below where the judge was evidently, in his own good time, coming to sit, and there were about thirty people scattered round on the hard wooden benches. This official shuffled what looked like a pack of cards, only they could n't have been; threw them into what looked like a hat, only it could n't have been; and began with the quickness of practice to draw them out as they came and call out the names on them.

Many jurors had been called but few were chosen, and the woman next to me, who had blue linings to her gloves, a thing I had never before seen and that interested me so deeply that it threatened to take my attention from my responsibilities, was not among them, and with a loud sigh of relief scuttled away. My name was. It sounded awful — indecent almost — reverberating round all by itself. I felt as if my shell were being suddenly snatched off and me left exposed, a raw uncovered thing. And when I answered, 'Here,' as the others before me had answered, 'Here,' I was so nervous, so curiously ashamed to identify myself with my name, that I could hardly get it out.

The thirty-odd people turned their thirty-odd heads and stared at me. I tried to stare back defiantly, but could n't. I felt somehow guilty. One or two male jurors went up to the official with reasons why they should be let off, and with a kind of passionate servility argued with him. They were not let off. What courage, I thought, to get up from one's place and go and be conspicuous at that table. I would n't have dared to. Besides, being a woman I wished to do my duty. We are so conscientious — I had almost said, but remembered not to in time, so d—— conscientious.

The other case had n't been finished the day before, and we were kept there till it was. There we languished the whole morning. The seats were hard; the court was cold; and my fellow woman-juror, who sat next to me, who indeed had sought me out to sit next to, on the principle I suppose of its being only decent of birds of our particular feather to flock together, asked me at intervals in a hoarse undertone if I did n't think it a 'strainge plaice.'

I said I did.

At half-past one, having done nothing useful to anybody since ten, and having sat for over three hours on those hard benches, we were let out for

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half an hour, and went, my fellow bird and I, to the restaurant, where we ate those cutlets that presently caused such an alarming commotion inside me and brought the loss of five pounds, as well as conspicuous public disgrace, so terribly near. My friend was made of sterner stuff, and the cutlets merely nourished her. While we ate them she told me she kept a boarding-house, and during her compulsory absence it would be at sixes and sevens. This worried her, and she asked me repeatedly why she should have to be on a jury at all, it being obviously a man's job seeing that it was men who invented the things. 'Let them do their own dirty work is what I say,' she said; and added, 'It's them suffragettes brought it on us — they ought to be whipped.' But it was n't till she had a bottle of stout that she became as virile as this.

At two we were back again in court, having wondered on the way at the frequent and urgent printed cautions on the walls to gentlemen on no account to 'leave their clothes on the seats' but to give them in charge to the proper attendants; for of all places in the world where exact and anxious honesty might be expected we agreed that this was the one. 'Fancy,' said my friend; and remarked further, 'They don't say nothing about ladies' clothes.'

'They take it for granted we're too modest to leave them on the seats,' I said; and she said, 'That's right.'

The other case came to an end soon after we got back, and the jurors — we watched their movements with strained interest — disappeared through a small door at the back of the box to consider their verdict. Immediately we were called into the box. Its cushions — it had cushions — were still hot from the departed jurors. My friend pushed me into the front row as I was making for the greater obscurity of the back one, whispering hoarsely as she followed me, 'May as well see all we can,' and I found myself next to the foreman. In couples we held on to a New Testament, one Testament to every two jurors, and at the instigation of an official swore oaths. The foreman and I held on together. It was rather like being married. I was glad it was n't quite. The judge bowed to us. We felt flattered, and with eager politeness bowed back. Then we settled down to our case, our ears attentively cocked, our brows intelligently knitted, anxious to do well in the sight of his lordship and to administer the law as he would have it administered.

This attitude passed, however, as the afternoon wore on. My friend soon shut her eyes. Perhaps she found she could attend better that way. She shut her eyes and sat motionless, her bare hands folded over her figure. Only the steady heaving of a locket she wore showed that she lived. The ten men fidgeted. I wanted to fidget too, but wanted even more to be a good little juror, so kept still. Besides, I was frightened of the judge. Counsel addressed us as Members of the Jury — not ladies and gentlemen, but just members; things without sex; intelligences. I liked that. For the first time in my life I felt the equal of men. I liked that. And each counsel, when he came to cross-examining, and wished to unnerve the witnesses, asked them whether they seriously intended to tell the members of the jury, the flattering implication being that we were n't fools, — I liked that, — whatever it was they were telling us. Invariably at this the witnesses became confused and hesitated. Then counsel looked at us triumphantly, as who should say, 'See what rascals.'

At half-past four the judge showed that beneath his robes he wanted his

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tea just like anybody else, and adjourned the case till next day at ten-thirty. We trooped out with the relief of children let out of school. The public in court looked at us respectfully. A pleasant juror in the back row leaned across and said how glad he was there were ladies on the jury, for it was clearly a case outside the experience of mere men; and my friend, who was finding difficulty in getting out of the box at all, she needing room and the entrance to the front row being as crooked and narrow as the alleged path to Heaven, turned and nudged me. 'Who does he think he's getting at?' she asked me in her hoarse whisper.

How beautiful the Strand seemed.

Next day, and the next day, and the day after that we spent in that box. The case went on and on. It was clear so soon which side was in the wrong that we lost all interest in it. We became bored to the point of no longer laughing even at the judge's jokes. At first we had laughed heartily at counsel's jokes, and roared at the judge's. Now a faint smile was all that even he got, and when counsel was funny we frowned. We were blasé. Officials had lost their terror for us. We cared nothing for wigs. But on and on the case went, and on and on we sat. The plaintiff really had been shockingly used. It was only a question of damages.

At last it was over, and the judge very carefully and lucidly and lengthily told us over again what we already so abundantly knew. The foreman said we wished to withdraw, and a male and a female attendant were called in to shepherd us, the female being to take care of me and my friend. They had to swear before being allowed to — the amount of swearing that goes on in the courts! One can hardly move without a preliminary oath. We were taken through the small door at the back of the box down a narrow winding stone staircase into the bowels of the building. Hideous! I hope never to see them again. The male attendant locked us into a subterranean room with a table and twelve chairs round it. We sat down and all began to talk at once, glad to be able to after our prolonged muzzling in the box. Everybody was agreed, my friend and I passionately so; but what damages? Silence fell on us. Then came a proud moment: the foreman turned to me — to me, if you please, the littlest juror of them all — and said, 'You tell us.'

How proud I was! How completely it made up for the policeman's doubts and the fireman's doubts!

I did tell them, and my friend backed me up with a loud 'That's right.' The ten agreed without a murmur, and the same pleasant juror who had leaned across the box the first day leaned across the table now and said, 'More if you like.' But I thought what I had suggested was enough — it was most handsome really — and we left it at that, and rang the bell, and the attendant who had locked us in came and unlocked us again.

'You are unanimously agreed?' he shouted at us.

'We are,' shouted the ten, eager to escape.

'We are,' I piped.

'That's right,' said my hoarse friend.

He then gave the foreman twelve one-pound notes and twelve brand new shillings, and the foreman handed us each our guinea. I was delighted with my new shilling, but my delight was short, for one of the jurors who had been through the sort of thing before whispered that it was the custom to give it to the attendant who unlocked us. So we filed past him, each in turn pressing the beautiful new shilling into his hand. What a lot he must have.

The court was empty when we got

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back, except for the plaintiff and the plaintiff's counsel. The other side had disappeared, knowing what to expect, and the public had vanished to lunch. The judge was fetched, and the foreman told him our verdict. It was over in a minute. The judge made us the special bow I have described, and for the last time my friend struggled through the insufficient doorway.

Now that it was over we parted reluctantly. We had become very easy and friendly together during those days. Warmly in the magnificently happy-go-lucky looking Strand we wished each other good-bye, going our ways in the bright sunshine. The case was over. We were free. But the judge sat on. His cases never end. Juries come and juries go, but there he sits. He is still sitting there, patient, attentive, careful — to-day, every day, all the many days since our days, in the cold stuffy court. It is a pity people are wicked. But if they were n't he would n't get his salary.

THE JAZZ BAND AND NEGRO MUSIC

BY DARIUS MILHAUD

From *Der Querschnitt, Summer Number*
(GERMAN INTERNATIONAL ART QUARTERLY)

[M. MILHAUD is a member of 'The Six,' a reasonably famous group of young French composers who lead the modernist van. He writes of American music with authority, having but recently completed a tour of the United States during which he lectured at Harvard University. The conservative will find his article very like his music — infuriating but interesting.]

IT was in 1918 that the jazz band was brought across the ocean from New York by Gaby Deslys and Pilcer of the Casino de Paris. It came almost like a start of terror, like a sudden awakening, this shattering storm of rhythm, these tone elements never previously combined and now let loose upon us all at once.

We were quick to catch its salient characteristics, among which the following are worth mentioning: (*a*) The employment of syncopation in rhythm and melody, which, against its background of dull regularity, is quite as fundamental as the circulation of the blood, the beat of the heart, or the pulse. (*b*) The introduction of percussion instruments — by which I mean the grouping of all percussion instruments together in a simplified orchestration which makes them like a single instrument so perfect that when 'Buddy,' the drummer of the Syncopated Orchestra, plays a percussion solo we think we are hearing a deliberate rhythmic composition, so varied is the expression. This effect is to be explained by the variety of the tone color in the percussion instruments that he plays simultaneously. (*c*) The new instrumental technique — that is, the employment of the piano with dryness and precision just as the drum and banjo are used. (*d*) The increased im-

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portance of the saxophone and the trombone, whose glissandos are becoming a favorite effect, and to which, as well as to the trumpet, even the most delicate melodies are by preference entrusted. (*e*) The copious use of mutes for both these instruments, the use of the portamento, the employment of the vibrato, whether on pedals, stops, or mouthpiece. (*f*) The clarinet has so shrill a tone and so much strength, makes possible so many runs and tone changes, that it disconcerts our best players. Hence the introduction of the banjo, which has a harder, more stimulating, and sonorous tone than the harp or the pizzicati of a quartette. (*g*) Last of all, here is a whole special technique of the violin, sharply played, employing the broadest of vibratos and the very slowest of glissandos.

The strength of the jazz band lies in the thoroughgoing novelty of its technique. So far as rhythm is concerned, the constant employment of syncopation has forced us to recognize the fact that this music can be produced with the simplest means and needs no rich or varied array of instruments. During 1920 or 1921 one could get an idea of the most perfect jazz-music only by hearing Jean Wiéner at the piano and Vance Lowry on the saxophone or banjo at the Gaya Bar in the Rue Duphot, playing the purest, most authentic jazz with a bare minimum of instruments.

So far as orchestration is concerned, the employment of the instruments that I have described above and the extreme refinement of their special technique have naturally made possible an extraordinary range of expression. To be in a position to judge, one must hear a serious jazz band of genuine musicians who practise together regularly like one of our good string quartettes and who bring their orchestration, as Irving Berlin does, to absolute perfection. There were, however, inferior jazz bands who turned their tones upside down, who lacked technique, and who entrusted their percussion instruments to untrained and tasteless players, hoping to obtain the same results by using false elements such as motor-horns, sirens, rattles, and so forth. Yet it is amazing how quickly these unaccustomed instruments fell out of fashion and were relegated to the lumber-room — even the water-whistle, which has an agreeable sound midway between the human voice and the flute.

It is necessary to hear a serious jazz band such as Billy Arnold's or Paul Whiteman's. There nothing is left to chance, everything is balance and proportion, revealing the touch of the true musician, perfect master of all the possibilities of every instrument. One must hear a soirée by the Billy Arnold band in the Casino at Cannes or Deauville. Sometimes four saxophones are leading, sometimes the violin, the clarinet, the trumpet, or the trombone. Or again one may hear an infinite variety of instrumental combinations, uniting one after another with the piano and the percussion instruments, each with its own meaning, its own logic, its own timbre — each with an expression peculiar to itself.

Since we first heard jazz in Europe, a distinct evolution has taken place. In the beginning it was a veritable cataract of tone. Then we began to appreciate once more the value of the melodic element. Then came the period of 'blues,' very simple melodies, — bare so to speak, — which were carried by a clear sharp rhythm, with percussion instruments scarcely noticeable, almost intimate. Then came the transition from the almost mechanical effects like the Paul Whiteman's steel percussion at the Palais Royal in New

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York, and then the fine, almost elusive, almost too gripping tones of the jazz at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston.

In jazz the North Americans have really found expression in an art form that suits them thoroughly, and their great jazz bands achieve a perfection that places them next our most famous symphony orchestras like that of the Conservatoire or our modern orchestras of wind instruments and our quartettes — the Capet Quartette, for instance, which is our very best.

They have brought us absolutely new elements of tone and rhythm of which they are perfect masters. But these jazz bands have hitherto been used only for dancing, and the music written for them has not got beyond ragtime, the foxtrot, and the shimmy. It was a mistake to adapt pieces of music already famous — ranging from Tosca's prayer to 'Peer Gynt' or Grechaninov's *Berceuse* — making use of their melodic elements as dance themes. This is an error of taste, as bad in its way as the employment of motor-sirens with percussion instruments.

These magnificent orchestras need a concert repertoire. Thanks to Jean Wiéner we were able to hear Billy Arnold's jazz band on December 6, 1921, in the Salle des Agriculteurs. It was fitting that these wonderful musicians should be heard in a concert. Not only a jazz repertoire, but also chamber music should be written for these orchestras in order to utilize their possibilities to the full. The influence of these American dances has brought us here in Paris the 'Steamboat Ragtime,' in Eric Satie's 'Parade,' and George Auric's 'Adieu New York.' Here is a case where the symphony orchestra discourses ragtime and foxtrot. In the 'Piano Rag Music' of Igor Stravinskii we have a piano piece which employs the rhythmic elements of ragtime in a concert piece. Jean Wiéner in his *Sonatine syncopée* provides a piece of chamber music which owes its origin to various elements of jazz although it retains the sonata form. This is a great step forward. Instrumental chamber-music and concert sonatas still remain to be written for the jazz band, especially for those instruments which jazz ordinarily brings together.

In harmony, too, there is a marked development for, though originally the jazz-band repertoire was of dance music alone, to-day it is following the same curve as the rest of contemporary harmony. The succession of dominant sevenths and ninths which so greatly surprised the year 1900 is now being used in the most recent fashionable dances, for example in 'Ivy' and in 'Jimmy Johnson.' There can be no doubt that in a few years polytonal and atonal harmonies will prevail in the dances that will follow the shimmies of 1920. To-day we find minor and major chords side by side, as for example in Zez Confrey's 'Kitten on the Keys.'

In the United States there is a whole series of theoretical and technical works dealing with jazz, works on the use of the trombone with illustration of the most effective glissandos and the best way of employing them, and others for the saxophone and the clarinet with all their new technical possibilities in jazz. New York has a school, the Winn School of Popular Music, which has published three methods of playing folk music, ragtime, jazz, and blues, — theoretically of the greatest interest, — in which all the special elements of this music are worked out with logical perfection. These studies are extraordinarily valuable, not only as regards technique but also in improvisation and the methods of composition that give this music its spe-

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cial character. I mean, for example, such devices as arpeggios, trills, runs, broken chords, omissions, dissonances, embellishments, ornaments, variations, and cadenzas, which are introduced ad libitum at the end of the parts of various instruments, but in such a way that the rhythmic regularity of the whole does not suffer. Side by side with this music — which, thanks to its careful composition and the absolutely unified and machinelike precision of its ensemble, is a little mechanical — another kind has developed. This, however, springs from the same source. I mean the music of the American Negro.

There can be no doubt that the origin of jazz music is to be sought among the Negroes. Primitive African qualities have kept their place deep in the nature of the American Negro and it is here that we find the origin of the tremendous rhythmic force as well as the expressive melodies born of inspiration which oppressed races alone can produce. The Negro spirituals were the first published Negro music. The religious songs of the slaves, very ancient popular folk-motives, were collected and written down by Henry Burleigh. These songs produce an impression not greatly different from the melody in the 'blues' whose form is the work of Handy. I am thinking of the 'Saint Louis Blues' and the 'Aunt Hagar's Children Blues.' There is the same tenderness, the same melancholy, the same faith that filled the slaves who compared the sorrow of their lives to the Egyptian captivity of the Jews and longed with all their souls for a Moses to save them ('Go Down, Moses').

Aside from dance music, whose improvisation gives it a kind of expressiveness and life to be found only among the Negroes, jazz has been employed in the theatre with the happiest results. There are operettas of exquisite musicality like 'Shuffle Along,' by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, or 'Liza,' by Maceo Pinkard, in which singers, chorus, and dancers are accompanied by a jazz orchestra. The orchestra of 'Liza' consists of a flute, a clarinet, two trumpets, a trombone, the percussion instruments, — played by a single player, — a piano, a string quartette, — in which the viola is replaced by a saxophone, — and a contrabass. As a matter of fact the technical elements have been much less changed by the Negroes. In the jazz of the whites everything has been worked out to perfection and studied in the most thorough way. Among the Negroes there is far more improvisation. But what tremendous musical gifts and what power of performance are necessary to bring improvisation to such a pitch of perfection! In their technique they possess great freedom and facility. Each instrument follows its natural melodic line and improvises even while it adheres to the harmonic framework which underlies and supports the piece as a whole. We find this music perpetually employing a rich and confusing interweaving of elements. It uses major and minor chords together with quarter tones, which are produced by a combination of glissando and vibrato technique — an exaggeration of the trombone tones, as well as vigorous vibration of the trumpet pistons and strange uses of the fingers on the violin strings.

The quarter tone has an expressiveness which can be compared with nothing else, fits into diatonic harmony quite as well as the chromatic, and may be regarded as a transition tone in the diatonic scale. It has no relation whatever to the system of quarter tones being studied at present in Central Europe, which is based on a doubling of the twelve notes of the scale, and

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belongs to the realm of atonal harmony.

Moreover, among the Negroes we get free from the mundane character which the jazz of the white Americans ordinarily possesses. Among the Negroes the dance retains its wild African character. The penetrating intensity of rhythm and melody becomes tragic and despairing. In some little dance-hall — as for example the 'Capitol' at the end of Lenox Avenue, near 140th Street — one can often hear a Negro girl singing the same melody for an hour at a time, — a melody which is often shrill, but quite as perfect as any of the beautiful classic recitatives, — supported by a jazz orchestra which supplies a background of constantly changing melodies. The variations are so numerous that they attain the richness and breadth of a symphony. Here we are far away from the elegant dances of Broadway which we may hear in the Hotel Claridge. Here we are at the first sources of this music, with its deep human content which is about to create as complete a revolution as any of the masterpieces now universally recognized.

APOCALYPTICAL INDISCRETIONS

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[*Observer*]

In me past, present, future meet
To hold long chiding conference.
My lusts usurp the present tense
And strangle Reason in his seat.
My loves leap through the future's fence
To dance with dream-enfranchised feet.

In me the caveman clasps the seer,
And garlanded Apollo goes
Chanting to Abraham's deaf ear;
In me the tiger sniffs the rose.
Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble,
Since there your elements assemble.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE STRANGER

BY H. H. BASHFORD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

HERE's a sailor come home from the Guineas,
His face is as black as a leaf,
His eyes are like forests of darkness,
His heart is a hotbed of grief,
His arms are like roots of the jungle,
He has ladies tattooed on his skin,
And his clothes smell of cinnamon — cardamom — tar.
Oh, mother, may I let him in?

Nay, daughter, go shut the door quickly
And come you straight back to your tea,
To the orderly cups in their saucers,
Your blue-eyed young brothers and me,
Lest a far-hidden creek that none knew of,
On a night of wild honey and wine,
Should lean down from those dark eyes and waken
The ghost that lies sleeping in thine.

SMOKE GOETH UP

BY DESMOND HARMSWORTH

[*English Review*]

SMOKE goeth up from farm or desert fire
At eve, a slender strand, a steady stream,
Or like a prayer ascends from funeral pyre,
A silent music, an unbroken theme;
Then shatters in eddies, breaks along the air,
Races in swift convolvèd joy, or flows
To invisible peace, and hangs contented there.
So in the night the soul steals forth and goes
In secrecy, the body laid asleep,
Out in blue space, on wings of ecstasy;
Mounts up without a cry, trembles to keep
Tryst with the flaming stars; divinely free,
Floats in the all but unremembered deep,
To find at last its own tranquillity.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SPANISH PLAYS OF THE YEAR

SINCE all eyes were drawn to the Spanish theatre by the award of the Nobel Prize to the dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, a year or two ago, the world's interest in what was happening on the Spanish stage has somewhat abated. But all this time Spanish playwrights, actors, and producers have gone placidly ahead and have succeeded in staging a number of plays which, though they may have no pretension to be masterpieces, are at least worth serious attention. One of these, *Doña Francesquita*, a musical play by Amadeo Vives, has been hardy enough to last over the entire season.

Doña Francesquita is what the Spanish call a *zarzuela*, that is a play which has the characteristics of a comic opera, an operetta, and a farce all rolled into one, and which is usually based on a subject borrowed from legendary history. Sometimes, however, the writer leaves out the legend and the history and contents himself simply with the costumes of any conveniently picturesque period. All the costume designs for *Doña Francesquita* were drawn from the costumes and tapestries of Goya, or else reproduced from those scenes of popular life in Madrid which are among the treasures of the Prado Museum. The music has made such a success that blind beggars are said to be singing it in the streets.

The Spanish production of Luigi Pirandello's *Six Persons in Search of an Author* by an excellent Italian company stirred up a tremendous press-battle which dragged out through two months; but this, unhappily, did not imply enormous houses. While the battle lasted, however, almost every writer in the Spanish press was either Pirandellist or anti-Pirandellist.

Another Spanish dramatist, Muñoz Seca, has had the good luck to produce two successes in a single year, *Los Chatos* and *El Filon*. He owes his success not so much to his skill as a dramatist or to any deep understanding of human emotion, but to his remarkable capacity for turning out lively and amusing dialogue, in which he seizes every opportunity to introduce puns and extraordinary stories, so that his audiences have scarcely time to draw breath between them. The effects of one dexterous misuse of language have not vanished before another appears. As a French critic says of his work, 'it is a triumph of the absurd.'

When he received the Nobel Prize, Jacinto Benavente declared that he would retire on his laurels and write no more for the theatre. He has followed the usual custom of theatrical people by breaking this vow almost as soon as made, and appeared last year with a comedy, *La leccion de buen amor*, which is said to be little more than an imitation of his earlier manner. Edoardo Marquina has achieved a great success, artistically if not popularly, with a modern mystery-play, *El Pobrecito carpintero*, which he was daring enough to do in verse — although the modern Spanish public has no more taste for the poetic drama than the English or American.

The series of political events which led up to the exile of Miguel de Unamuno, and his subsequent pardon, has induced the manager of a little local theatre to dig up *Fedra* by Miguel de

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Unamuno. In this Unamuno has modernized — or, as his enemies say, Unamunonized — an old tale. His characters appear in modern costume and are middle-class people of our own day, not the descendants of the ancient gods whom one would expect from the title.

✠

DOCTOR OSSENDOWSKI DEFENDS HIMSELF

DOCTOR FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI, whose *Beasts, Men and Gods* all America was reading a couple of years ago, has fallen afoul of Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish traveler, who has covered most of the country described by Dr. Ossendowski. In his new book, *Von Peking nach Moskau*, Hedin casts doubt on Ossendowski's geographical data and questions whether the Polish mineralogist really did traverse the enormous distances he claims. In the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* Dr. Ossendowski returns to the charge in true scientific style, discussing eighteen separate points in which he feels able to meet the Swedish geographer's attack. The opening paragraphs of his article, in which he summarizes his side of the case, are perhaps the most interesting: —

'When I wrote my book, *Beasts, Men and Gods*, I had a thin little bundle of notes scribbled en route, while before my eyes stood the burning East through whose heart I had wandered. Not for an instant was it my intention to give a strictly scientific character to my impressions and observations. This was to be a book written, not with the dry, indifferent tone of the scholar, but with my own blood. I wanted to show what Bolshevism had produced, what a billion Asiatics signified for the future, and what we are to expect from the East. The terrible spectre of an awakening Asia seemed to me to have more significance to the civilized world than the question in which part of Tibet the Hwangho River rises. I believed that in doing this I was fulfilling my duty toward humanity.

'Moreover, I really could not venture to write a purely scientific work. I knew that I could not say anything new about a part of the continent over which other eminent investigators had traveled, when I had passed through it without gold, under pursuit, and deprived of the most elementary tools of an investigator, such as good geographical maps, a barometer, astronomical equipment, and so forth.

'I hoped that my book would be taken as the personal, subjective diary of a traveler who made his way through extraordinary dangers and difficult obstacles. Meantime, however, the Russian press — that of the Soviet and that sympathizing with the Soviet — and now Herr Sven Hedin have undertaken to discredit me. I am not surprised at the efforts of the Soviet, but Herr Hedin's endeavor caused me such astonishment that I have not yet recovered from it.'

✠

BEST SELLERS IN GERMANY

THE best seller among Germany's native authors this season is Frau Courths-Mahler, a writer of fiction of the cheaply popular sort. Novelists like Thomas Mann, critics like Stephan Zweig, thinkers like Graf Kaiserling take second rank in Germany before this writer of commonplace tales of wicked noblemen and damsels poor but proud, or of ex-officers who turn to industry and become millionaires overnight. So popular is this novelist that crowds of women and girls wait about the newspaper offices in the provincial towns when evening editions are due to carry one of her stories.

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German writers, critics, and librarians speak of her in hushed, disgusted voices as 'a certain writer.' But the readers of best sellers pursue their tranquil way through her books untroubled by critics whom they never read and writers of whom they have never heard.

Good and bad mingle in the translated books that are now popular. *Tarzan of the Apes* — a success in America so long since that everyone has forgotten it now — had an immense run in England a couple of years ago, and is now going full blast in Germany in a translation that is said to be rather slipshod. Close to *Tarzan*, however, among the more intellectual classes, runs Ossendowski's *Tiere, Menschen und Götter*, which was occupying whole shop-windows in Frankfort as early as last fall. A year ago Rabindranath Tagore was having sales almost as wide as these two. To-day he has dropped so completely from the public taste that the bookshops can scarcely dispose of a single copy. It begins to look as if Mr. D. H. Lawrence is destined to become the interpreter of England to literary Germany — a prospect that fills the numerous Englishmen who cannot go Mr. Lawrence with a dismay that his American admirers will never understand. Many German publishers believe that a demand for French authors will begin as soon as political difficulties are adjusted. French plays being banned from the theatres, the perverse public is already going to the bookshop for them.

♔

ANOTHER PLAY ON JOAN OF ARC

Mr. Shaw observed a few months ago that he wrote his *Saint Joan* 'to keep Drinkwater from doing it.' No such excuse can be advanced by the German dramatist Georg Kaiser, whose new play, *Gilles und Jeanne*, is being produced in the Dramatisches Theater in the East End of Berlin. The Dramatisches Theater company is supported by the Bühnenvolksbund, a stage society that is endeavoring to combat the commercializing of the theatre, which is beginning to cause some perturbation in Germany.

It is natural that the Bühnenvolksbund should desire to keep on the boards a German dramatist possessing such strength and vigor as Georg Kaiser in spite of his idiosyncrasies. It is not quite so natural that they should have chosen this particular play, which was written two years ago and has already been the subject of violent attacks in the provinces. But then, Joan of Arc is a figure perennially appealing. A great British dramatist has just demonstrated that she can be made effective in a modern theatre and yet she has not been brought on the German stage since Schiller wrote *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. What could be more tempting for the modern German dramatist? Kaiser had found the subject irresistible. So did the Bühnenvolksbund.

But the play is not wholly a Joan of Arc play, for Kaiser introduces Gilles de Rais — supposed to have been the original of Bluebeard — as an equally important figure, thereby making sure of sharp contrasts. In the first act we see the Maid already in the hands of the English and on trial for her life. Through her testimony we learn that it is Gilles who has financed the French army for love of her, and who, when he finds that she will none of him, treacherously withdraws the troops and leaves her to the enemy. The court can find no proof that she has had the relations with the Devil of which she is accused. The evidence is all running in Joan's favor, when Gilles de Rais bursts in and offers to testify that he saw her on a hilltop, surrounded by the Devil and his evil spirits.

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Kaiser seems to have lost all war-time bitterness, for he makes no effort to caricature the English troops — does not even yield to the temptation of excessively modernizing them, for which some have found fault with Bernard Shaw's play. Soldiers and officers alike, the Englishmen are represented as admirable fellows. When the judges ask why they took this enemy alive each answers simply: 'She is a woman and I am an Englishman.'

In the second act, after Joan's death, Gilles is suffering agonies of remorse and baffled desire. In the 'scientific' fashion so popular in modern literature Kaiser draws on our old Vienna friend, Doctor Freud, for the results of suppressed desire, which in this case take the quaint form of murdering six peasant girls in the most popular psycho-analytic fashion. All this happens when Gilles goes to consult an alchemist — probably because in the happy fifteenth century there were no psycho-analysts.

Act three takes us into another court, this time with Gilles as defendant. There are so many brothers seeking their missing sisters and fathers seeking their missing daughters that a Frenchman might almost imagine Landru come back again. The only way to save Gilles is to produce one of the missing women alive and safe in the courtroom. The forgiving spirit of Joan returns in the shape of a peasant girl and — for in mediæval jurisprudence a ghost is as good as an alienist — Gilles is acquitted.

A Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer* finds the play 'profoundly interesting and just as profoundly irritating.' Fritz Engel, dramatic critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, admits that Kaiser's new play has faults, but he, too, finds it extraordinarily interesting, and pays tribute to the fertility with which Kaiser, now well past fifty, keeps on turning out a couple of plays a year with never a dull one.

✽

IRISH PROPHETS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY

THE *Irish Statesman* — a Dublin weekly, now about a year old, edited by the poet G. W. Russell (Æ.) — ventures some doleful reflections on the familiar theme of prophets and their want of honor among the home folks: —

Culturally we are backward. It is true, indeed, that literature and drama written by Irishmen in recent years can hold its own in quality with that produced by the people of any other country, no matter whether their population is tenfold or twentyfold ours. We have only to mention the names of Yeats, Shaw, Synge, O'Grady, Hyde, Moore, Joyce, Stephens, Colum, Casey, Dunsany, Robinson, St. John Ervine, Lady Gregory, Mrs. Green, Katherine Tynan, and others who have all won, or are rapidly winning, international repute, to see that not Great Britain, not France, not Germany, not the United States, for all their rich populations, have in the last quarter of a century produced work better in quality than the best of these have produced. But if we ask ourselves whether these writers have readers in their own country, we can answer at once that the royalties on the sales of the most popular of these in Ireland would not give the writer a yearly income equal to that of an agricultural laborer. The genius of great Irishmen is not reflected in the mass of the people. They do not benefit. The work of Irish writers is but little read or treasured. We rarely see in the houses of country people a shelf or two of good books, while in every cottage in Denmark one will find not only their national writers, but translations of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, or other famous writers.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Something Childish, by Katherine Mansfield. (American Title: *The Little Girl.*) London: Constable; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924.

[*Saturday Review*]

THE stories in this posthumous collection of Katherine Mansfield's work cover thirteen years; the first was written when she was nineteen, and in this earliest one she speaks of 'that tragic optimism, which is all too often the only inheritance of youth.' Nineteen, of course, is the traditional age for cynicism and disillusionment and leaden-eyed despair; but for the most part youth wears these sable trappings as the disguise of vitality, and expresses the disappointment which follows only upon gallant and extravagant requisitions. Such despair is the expression, not the nemesis, of hope. And, precisely because of this, how rare is it to find youth self-conscious of its own optimism! Katherine Mansfield's phrase can be quarreled with: it is somewhat ambiguous; it is somewhat loose. But at least it shows that the girl who wrote it was already looking at life with the eye of maturity. Instead of lightheartedly reveling in gloom, she discerned the possibilities of pain enshrined in the lightheartedness. She reversed the paradox, and told the truth.

And here, I believe, is one half of the secret of her art — the half which explains her ruthlessness, the emphasis she laid on dirt and pain. The other half might be so worded as to sound like a contradiction of the first, for the complement of the insistence upon pain was an insistence upon joy. She rejected the ostentatious pathos of the innocently posturing young, because she knew both their real dangers and their real ecstasies. She looked directly at the morning glories, as, for the most part, even the artist cannot do till he has lost them in his own experience.

Wordsworth, as everybody knows, said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity; but some poetry, as not everybody stops to consider, fails to fit the definition. Some poetry seems to be the expression of the emotion before it has given way to recollection; the æsthetic tranquillity coincides with the emotional unrest. And it is to this latter kind of poetry that Katherine Mansfield's brilliant and lyrical prose must be compared. There is something in her work at once urgent and severe. Youth and the morning lift their voices and sing, but the cool intelligence and the strict code constrain them from extravagance and self-deception. If Katherine Mansfield had a fault — and she brought her work, within its well-defined limits, very near to faultlessness — it was, perhaps, an excessive horror of excess. Sometimes she doubted the truth because she was not sure that it rang true. But rarely is the doubt even to be guessed at.

Full of self-questioning as we know she was about her own achievement, that achievement had at its best an effect of liberty. There is, in the present volume, an example of the dubiety; there is also an example of the unfettered and absolute success. 'Sixpence' was, we are told, rejected by its writer herself as 'sentimental.' To the outside critic the word seems bewilderingly inappropriate. Everything in the story is perfectly probable, natural, and straightforward; there is not a breath or a moment of that false emphasis which makes sentimentality.

On the other hand, we are not told that there were any doubts about the longish tale which gives its name to this collection — 'Something Childish But Very Natural.' There must have been, one supposes, for it was written in 1914 and is only now published; but it is hard to see what they can have been, unless indeed here too Katherine Mansfield was hesitant over the very tenderness she had created, and the Devil whispered behind the leaves: 'It's art, but is it not perhaps pretty?' In truth it seems to me it is as sheerly beautiful as anything its creator ever wrote. The melancholy end, one cannot deny, is weak, and unexplained at that; but the whole of the rest of it is rich with its own simplicity, an enchanting idyll of early unsophisticated love, a daydream made actual. Perhaps its author ranked it lower than her more intricate studies in pain and hesitation and uncertainty; but it is not the less profound for being simpler, and I should put it above the various grim sketches, some of them memorably horrible, which are collected with it here — indeed I should put it above anything else in the book. And yet there is nothing in the book that has not a double value — a direct value for itself, and an indirect one as throwing light on Katherine Mansfield's craftsmanship and artistic development. The stories are arranged chronologically, which makes the progress easy to discern.

Anatole France, politique et poète, by Charles Maurras. Paris: Plon, 1924.

[René Gillouin in *La Semaine Littéraire*]

M. CHARLES MAURRAS has lately gathered together in a slender and elegant volume his articles inspired by the Jubilee of Anatole France, and has developed them without the least hint of error. These brief essays, with their

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extreme richness of poetic feeling rendered still more striking by their condensation, not only have the advantage of defining with a clarity that leaves nothing to be desired the personal and, as we see it, peculiar attitude of M. Maurras toward the illustrious octogenarian; they also raise a number of problems whose import is general, whether in the realms of art, psychology, or politics. By the sharpness of the responses which they provoke, they force us to note exactly the degree to which we adhere to the theories set forth, to note also our differences of opinion and reservations; that is, to take up a definite stand on fundamentals — in short to get a clearer view on the things that really matter.

The Yellow Dragon, by Arthur Mills. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

THE 'Wu-like' Chinaman is a sure card to play for inexorable subtlety marked by suave good manners; he, of course, wants an English girl — in this case a shop-soiled lady whose mysterious antecedents add to her romantic attractiveness. Three free-mannered young English subs get involved in this lady's fate, on the fringe of Settlement society, so the reader sees not only life as it is lived among the expatriated English, with their clubs, race meetings, and regimental amenities, but the decorative and dangerous fringes where the laws of China run. Then there is a delightful globe-trotter who has been everywhere and knows all the crafts of races and racing — a man whose adventurous exterior conceals a world-wide search for his lost love. He it is who, together with the long arm of coincidence, brings in the happy ending to a series of picturesque thrills told with zest and knowledge — a very readable and diverting yarn.

The Confessions of a Seaman, by Peter Blundell. London: Arrowsmith, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Book of Famous Ships, by Fox Smith. London: Methuen, 1924. 6*s.*

[Norman Angell in the *Daily Herald*]

IN *The Confessions of a Seaman* Peter Blundell, mechanical engineer, tells us how, swaying in a muddy bucket in a pit-shaft, he made the decision to run away to sea. And run away he did, as third engineer on the dirty little tramp steamer roving between England, South America, and the Black Sea ports. His is rather a sophisticated, introspective yarn, well told, but more about the land than the sea, and in his case perhaps it was strange lands rather than strange seas that called him.

Sometimes, of course, it is the ships rather than the sea that call, as Mr. Fox Smith makes plain in his *Book of Famous Ships.* The story of the old clippers, the Lightning, the Cutty Sark, the Thermopylæ, and many another. It is well to have all the record that we can get of one of the most beautiful instruments man has ever devised, and which now belongs almost entirely to the past.

Certainly the romance of the sea does not pass with the sailing ship, but a kind of beauty and a kind of skill, elusively appealing at once to the sense of beauty, the sense of workmanship, do disappear with the old fully rigged ship. Everyone who had anything to do with these old ships feels it. It is one of the wonders, indeed, of human nature that the sodden old shellback, brutalized by the conditions of life lived within these beautiful craft, — floating slums, as they were, worse almost than anything known ashore, — even he, the victim of these floating hells of such appealing loveliness, could feel the appeal of their splendor, as anyone who has listened to the talk of old salts can testify.

One speaks of the day of the sailing ship as over, and so it is, in the case of the great ships with their acres of canvas of which Mr. Fox Smith writes. The little ship, however, — not only the ship of sport, like Muhlhauser's, but the smack and the sailing barge, itself a wonderful sailing ship, though the landsman may smile, — is not yet gone. The march of invention in the internal-combustion engine may give them an added lease of life, and the eternal schoolboy in every healthy man will pray ardently for their preservation.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

FARRÈRE, CLAUDE. *Thomas the Lambkin.* Translated from the French by Léo Ongley. New York: Dutton, 1924.

BAROJA, PIO. *Red Dawn.* Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $2.50.

BAZALGETTE, LÉON. *Henry Thoreau; Bachelor of Nature.* Translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. Probable price $4.00.

BURTON, SIR RICHARD F. *The Kasîdah.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $5.00.

CROCE, BENEDETTO. *The Conduct of Life* Translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. Probable price $2.25.

REYMONT, LADISLAS ST. *The Peasants.* Translated from the Polish by Michael H. Dziewicki. Volume One: *Autumn.* New York. Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $3.00.

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"WOULD to God that instead of treading in the footprints of Barbarossa, Jagellon, or Louis XIV, Europe would study its history in terms of the coming United States!" exclaims Albert Guérard, native of Paris.

"Instead of prolonging into the present the interminable quarrels of the past, should we not seek in the past the germs of the present and the future?"

Dr. Guérard is the author of "The New History — H. G. Wells and Voltaire" in the November number of Scribner's Magazine, which will be published next Friday.

It is a spirited condemnation of the old methods of teaching history.

History and Reaction have long gone hand in hand, he says.

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And from the three samples given, you may judge with what sincerity, with what sound reasoning, with what humor Dr. Guérard justifies the New History.

* * *

And in this same November number of Scribner's Magazine we have an example of the "new history."

It is "The Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific" by Ramsay Traquair.

In it the author presents the questions "How long will it be before the Pacific is no longer a mere dependency on Europe or America, but the centre of a culture of her own? and, What nation or race will dominate that culture?"

These are important questions. Our civilization, which is the civilization of the West, was received from the Mediterranean. Our culture is now in the ascendancy.

Will it in turn yield to the culture of the Pacific?

What part will the United States have in it?

Very little, says Mr. Traquair. The Pacific can scarcely be controlled by San Francisco and Los Angeles.

It is an interesting problem which he presents and an interesting indication of the trend of civilization.

* * *

And since the political campaign grows hotter, Walter Lincoln Whittlesey tells how much more serious it was in the days of our childhood in "Kid and Campaigns."

* * *

Sarah Schuyler Butler contributes "Women Who Do Not Vote."

* * *

And these are only four of the twenty features in the November number of Scribner's Magazine.

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